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DEAN STANLEY AND "THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE."

THE most dangerous and active foes of Protestant Christianity at this moment are to be found among the men who are nominally its special, chosen, and chief expounders, defenders, and champions—men who have been trained in its best schools, promoted to its highest places, and paid most liberally either by the voluntary contributions of the Protestant laity, or from the not yet exhausted revenues of confiscated Catholic endowments. We have in our own country a few notable individuals of this class—men who are called "Reverend," but who reverence nothing themselves, and are revered only by their dupes; men who style themselves Christian ministers, but who delight in casting opprobrium upon Christ; men who have read a few so-called scientific books, and, in their ignorance, having mistaken the glimmer of a taper for the light of the sun, have forthwith been seized with the delusion that it was their mission to show "how it was possible for an educated man to be a Christian." Their process is a simple one: the educated man is not to be required to believe anything "miraculous;" he may think what he chooses concerning the birth, the death, the resurrection, and the ascension of our Lord; he may smile contemptuously at the idea that the Bible is an inspired book; he may regard as pleasing and romantic fables the miracles recorded in its pages; all that is necessary is that he should look upon Jesus Christ as a fine moral teacher, and adopt as his own such of the precepts of this teacher as may please his fancy, and square with his convenience. Fortunately, the influence of this class of preachers in the United States is not so extensive as it might be, were they men of true genius, and had they not, in their own private life, sometimes given evidence of the deplorable fruits of their free and easy doctrines. But in England and Europe there is a large, influential, and constantly increasing class of eminent Protestant clergymen, who possess great learning, or who at least have the reputation of possessing it; who hold high positions not only in the churches to which they belong, but in society and in popular estimation; and who appear to have given themselves wholly to the work of destroying what remains of dogmatic Christian theology among the people, and of replacing it by a vague, and as yet

undefined system of morality which the chief of all of them calls "The Religion of the Future." This chief is none other than Mr. Stanley, better known as the "Very Rev. Arthur P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster Abbey," for this gentleman, who, as we shall show, has now advanced so far on his downward road as to be the preacher of absolute infidelity, is, and long has been, the incumbent of the magnificent pile wherein the canonized bones of St. Edward, king and confessor, rest, and which, wrested from Catholic hands, and desecrated by innumerable insults to God and to his saints, still remains an imperishable monument of the genius, the charity, and the faith of those who built it. If we were asked to name the most insidious, untiring, and skilful enemies of Protestant Christianity now living, we should class among them this Dean Stanley. Among the orthodox members of his own church—both in the high and low schools thereof—he has long been an object of suspicion and dislike; but the favor which he enjoyed at court, the personal friendship of the Queen, and his popularity among large sections of the masses, have been sufficient to shield him from any open attack. One of his favorite amusements of late has been to go out of his way to exhibit his contempt for the claims that the "orders" taken by himself and the other members of the Established Church, conferred upon them any sacerdotal rights or powers. In this Dean Stanley was no doubt correct; he knows enough of history to know that the chain of apostolic succession was broken when Parker was installed as Archbishop of Canterbury, and that all the bishops and clergymen of the Established Church of England from the time of the Reformation until this day, have been and are nothing but laymen. No doubt, he regards the whole theory concerning apostolic succession, holy orders, and priesthood, as an idle fable; but his scholarship is sufficient to lead him to the conclusion that if there be such a thing as apostolic succession, the bishops of his church do not possess it, and that if there be such a thing as priesthood, he and the other clergymen of his church are not priests. He has lost no opportunity, consequently, of showing that he knew this, and of manifesting his belief that the ministers of the nonconformist and dissenting churches in England were quite as good as himself. He has not invited them to preach in the Abbey because the law forbade it, but he has preached in their pulpits, and encouraged them to hope that the time would come when they might return the compliment. He has displayed his contempt for the sacrament of the Eucharist by allowing a Unitarian clergyman to receive the communion at his altar, and his scorn for the sacrament of baptism he has taken no pains to conceal. He has desecrated afresh the Abbey by turning a portion of its nave into an occasional lecture-room, and inviting an atheistical scientist to deliver a discourse there; and, having grown bolder and bolder, he has now taken an occasion to proclaim, with unusual emphasis and clearness, the principles of the philosophy which he desires to substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ, and which he calls "The Religion of the Future."

Something more than a year ago Dean Stanley was elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland; and on the 16th of last March he delivered his Valedictory Address to the students of that institution. The address, which the Dean had prepared with great care, was "applauded throughout," not only by the students, who swallowed the poison it contained without perhaps clearly appreciating its deadly nature, but by a distinguished company on the platform—the teaching staff of the university; an earl, a bishop, and numerous ministers of

the Church of Scotland, being among them. The Dean took for the subject of his discourse "The danger arising to Religion from the increasing divergence between the intelligence and the faith of our time;" and, to come at once to the point, we may say that he proposed to avert this danger by surrendering for religion all that was miraculous and preternatural, and making of it only a code of morality. He reminded his hearers that he was "the successor of the abbots of Westminster," and in that capacity he undertook to show how very far he had advanced beyond the simple faith of those abbots and of all Christendom for fifteen hundred years. There was, he said, a wide and widening breach between the thought and the religion of England; the ecclesiastical and scientific worlds were in fierce antagonism; new questions have arisen which "ancient theology had not even considered;" and "there is impetuosity on both sides which threatens to precipitate conflicts, once cautiously avoided or quietly surmounted." At the same time the combatants are puny fellows, and on both sides there is a plentiful lack of real genius. "In the place of the abundant harvest of statesmanlike and poetic genius with which the nineteenth century opened, there have sprung up too often the lean and puny stalks blighted with the east wind;" and the worst of these puny stalks, in the learned Dean's opinion, are to be found in the theological field. "Superstitions which seemed to have died away have returned with redoubled force; fantastic ideas of divine and human things which the calm judgment of the last century, the heaven-inspired insight of the dawn of this, would have scattered like chaff, seem to reign supreme in large sections of the religious world." In Dean Stanley's estimation, apparently, theological affairs, were at their best when "the calm judgment" of the insane French revolutionists of 1793 banished God from the land and enthroned the Goddess of Reason upon the high altar of Notre Dame; or during those years of sleeping stupidity, when the clergy of the English establishment gave their minds chiefly to fox-hunting and drinking port wine; when they allowed the fabrics of their churches to fall into ruin, and when they considered their duty well performed if they went through with a slovenly mockery of Holy Communion once in three months. The words we have just quoted convey Dean Stanley's opinion concerning the revival of religious faith in his own communion, and perhaps in other Protestant organizations. He does not like it. He calls it "a calamity," and he goes on to say that this great misfortune "has overtaken us in the presence of the vast, perhaps disproportionate, advance of scientific knowledge, which falls most keenly and presses most heavily on the weakness of a credulous or ceremonial form of belief." If something is not done to strengthen the cause of religion, this terrible "scientific knowledge" will destroy it from the face of the earth, and we should hear "the tread of departing deity:"

> "Non me tua fervida terrent
> Dicta, ferox: sed Di terrent et Jupiter hostis."

But the good Dean will not thus leave us naked to our enemies. He bids us not despair; religion can be saved, at least there is good ground for hoping that it may be saved; he will step into the deadly breach, and by making timely terms with science, will at least postpone the striking of "the inexorable hour." The star of orthodox religion, of revealed religion, of all religion based upon the miraculous and preternatural is indeed setting; but "the evening star, according to the fine image of the poet, which is the accompaniment of the setting day, may be one and the same with the morning star, the harbinger of the future;" and

the morning star is the herald of the "Religion of the Future," whereof Dean Stanley is one of the inventors. For nineteen centuries the Christian world has believed that a miraculous birth occurred in Bethlehem; that the child thus born was God; that he dwelt upon the earth for thirty-three years; that he gave proofs of his divinity by performing countless miracles; that he suffered death; that he arose from his grave, and ascended into heaven; and that he will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead. It has believed also that the account given in the Bible of the creation of the world, of the formation of man, of the dealings of God with his chosen people, and of the miracles wrought by his prophets, is true. But "the vast advance of scientific knowledge," in Dean Stanley's opinion, has rendered it difficult if not impossible to believe these things any longer, and if religious people insist that continued belief in them is necessary for the continued existence of religion, they must be prepared to see religion swept away. Their only hope lies in their giving up their belief in these fables, and in adopting that "higher Christianity," that "Religion of the Future" whereof Dean Stanley is the John the Baptist.

To prepare us for this he bids us remember that "there is an essentially progressive element in religion itself." Lord Macaulay was mistaken when he maintained the difference between theology and all other sciences in this respect, that what it was in the days of the patriarch Job, such it must be to the end of time. In another portion of his address Dean Stanley spoke of the importance of definition, and it would have been well had he bethought himself of the definition of the words he was using in describing theology as a changeable science. Theology is the science of God; and as God is unchangeable, the science of God in the days of the patriarch Job was the same as it is in the days of the Dean of Westminster. But he knows much more about God than Job did, or, rather, he assumes that his "scientific knowledge" enables him to say that his God is a very different being from Job's God. We do not doubt it. Job's God gave to Satan certain power to afflict Job; but Dean Stanley does not believe that such a person as Satan ever existed: Job's God inspired him to say that he knew his Redeemer liveth, and that in the last day he should be clothed again with his skin, and in his flesh should he see his God; but Dean Stanley's "scientific knowledge" has convinced him that this would be impossible; Job's God said to him, "Behold Behemoth whom I made with thee," but Dean Stanley's "scientific knowledge" has taught him that Behemoth was made some millions of years before man existed, and that both Behemoth and man were evolved from a tadpole. Dean Stanley is good enough to admit that "in religion there is a permanent and unchanging element;" but he insists that "in everything which relates to its form, *in much which relates to its substance*, the paradox of our great historian (Macaulay) *is as contrary to fact as it would be crushing to our own aspirations if it were true.*" The dogma of the unchangeableness of God, and of the perfect verity of his revealed will, is indeed "crushing to the aspirations" of men who, like Dean Stanley, wish to save religion by admitting that only so much of its teachings may be believed as Professor Huxley permits to-day, or as some other savant may permit to-morrow. To support his assertions that theology is a variable science, and that our conceptions concerning God must be altered, day after day, to square with newly discovered or invented material facts, he goes on to make a series of assertions which are conspicuously inexact. "The faith of

each successive epoch of Christendom has varied enormously from the faith of its predecessors." What he means by an "epoch," and what by "Christendom," we know not; but we do know that the faith of the Holy Catholic Church to-day is exactly what it was when St. Peter wrote his first Epistle from Rome, fifteen years after our Lord's ascension. Developed and defined in all its divinely majestic fulness it has been, but changed not in one jot nor tittle. "The variations of the Catholic Church, both past and present, have been almost, if not quite, as deep and wide as the variations of Protestantism." There have been no such variations. "What has become of the belief, once absolutely universal in Christendom, that the waters of baptism were an indispensable condition of baptism?" What has become of this belief among Protestants we know not; many of them have no doubt abandoned it as they have abandoned the belief in the divinity of our Lord; but since Jesus Christ has said that unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the kingdom of God, the Catholic Church believes and teaches it as firmly and uncompromisingly as she ever did. "What do we now hear of the doctrine of the Double Procession?" Well, we heard a great deal about it three years ago when certain volunteer and unauthorized clergymen of the English establishment, and a few equally irresponsible members of the Greek Church, met at Bonn with the unhappy new schismatics who have followed Dr. Döllinger in his rebellion against the Church of God. The German schismatics and the English heretics exhausted their ingenuity at this conference in attempts to devise a formula whereby they might seem to agree with the Greeks upon the question of the Procession of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, while each party to this absurd contract should still retain its own and original opinion. The attempts failed, but the fact that they were made should have prevented Dean Stanley from saying that this and other theological questions are now "dead and buried," and that theology as a fixed and immutable science can no longer be said to exist. Protestant theology of course has been constantly subject to mutations, and it may be confessed that at present there is left but little of it. Founded upon merely human wisdom, with principles accepted not because they have been divinely revealed, but because they have, at some period, commended themselves to human reason, it has been ever the plaything of human vanity, caprice, and self-interest, and its teachers have been able to defend it only with human weapons. Dean Stanley praises John Knox for perceiving and confessing that his new theology was not infallible, and for promising to alter and reform it at the suggestions of any one who could show him good reason therefore "from the Holy Scriptures." But John Knox could not in decency have *said* less than this, for having revolted against divine authority, and justified his revolt by an appeal to human reason, he could not avoid professing a willingness to submit to a reversal of his decisions by the same tribunal. We all know how hollow this promise and profession were, and how tyrannically he enforced his new dogmas upon every one within his power. But the promise and profession were necessary consequences of the position which he assumed; and all Protestant theologians must be prepared in consistence to yield obedience to the ever-varying decrees of human wisdom or of human folly. Dean Stanley places theology as subject to the growth of historical knowledge. "It is in the light of this progressive historical development," says he, "that the confessions, liturgies, doctrines, and usages of former times

find their proper place. *All of them, taken as the final expressions of absolute truth, are misleading.*" This is a sweeping assertion ; let us see exactly what it means. The Nicene Creed is one of the confessions of former times; it professes to enunciate certain "absolute truths," and to give them "final expression ;" but Dean Stanley says that the Nicene Creed is "misleading." It is not "absolutely true," then, that there is one God, maker of all things in heaven and in earth ; nor that Jesus Christ, his Son, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, crucified, dead, and buried, arose from the dead and ascended into heaven. The light of "progressive historical development," or of "scientific knowledge," has thrust these dogmas into "their proper place," and Dean Stanley, as we shall show, advises us to cease from troubling our heads about them. We can be good Christians without believing anything miraculous; the Biblical account of the birth, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ is miraculous ; *ergo*, we need not believe it, and we had better cease to believe it in order that the scientists need not reproach us for our weakness of mind.

Dean Stanley, however, was addressing his remarks chiefly to students of theology, and he went on to point out that it might not be wholly useless for them to continue their studies in that department, if they only took the right method for it. The right method was to be found in "the process of diving below the surface, and discovering the original foundation." What was done for archæology by the excavations of Pompeii, Nineveh, Rome, of Troy ; for history by the explorations of the archives of Simancas, for science by the crucible of chemistry, by the spade and hammer of the geologist, by the plummet of the Challenger, can be done for theology. They must study theology not by the aid of the divine light of faith, but by the assistance of the lantern of science, and then they will discover, among other things, that the Koran is in some respects superior to the Bible, and that St. Augustine and the angelic doctor knew but very little in comparison with Dean Stanley. Let him speak for himself:

"Even in the ancient pagan religions of Greece and Rome, it is surprising to observe how vast a power of expansion and edification was latent in forms of which the influence long ago might seem to have died out. Even in the case of Mohammedanism the Koran has, within the last century, been awakened from a slumber of ages, and has been discovered to contain maxims which Christendom might cultivate to advantage, but which, to all the long centuries of ignorance, were hopelessly forgotten both by its friends and foes. A great religion is not dead because it is not immediately comprehended, because it is subsequently perverted, if only its primitive elements contain, along with the seeds of decay and transformation, the seeds of living truth. Especially is this the case in Christianity, which is not only like Mohammedanism the religion of a sacred book, but the religion of a sacred literature and a sacred life. Putting aside for the moment all question of the divine authority of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and the dogmatic systems built upon them, is it not certain that their original force and grace is far more keenly appreciated now than it was when they were overlaid with fanciful allegories and scholastic perversions. The spirit of the time, the 'Zeit-Geist,' as Matthew Arnold says, has turned the rays of his lantern full upon them, and in 'the fierce light' that beats upon their structure through this process, if some parts have faded away, if the relation of all the parts to each other has been greatly altered, yet there can be no question that by its influence, which has penetrated all modern theology more or less, the meaning, and with the meaning the grandeur and the beauty of the sacred volume, has been brought out with a fulness which was unknown to Hume and Voltaire, because it had been equally unknown to Aquinas and Augustine. Whole systems of false doctrine or false practice, whole fabrics of barbarous phraseology, have received their deathblow as the Ithuriel of modern criticism has transfixed with his spear here a spurious text, there an untenable interpolation, here a wrong translation, there a mistaken punctuation. Or again, with regard to our increased knowledge of the dates and authorship of particular books,

much, no doubt, remains obscure; but this partial ignorance is as the fulness of knowledge compared with the total blank which prevailed in the Church for a thousand years or more. All the instruction, inward and outward, which we have acquired from our discovery of the successive dates, and therewith of the successive phases of St. Paul's epistles, was lost almost until the beginning of the last century, but has now become the starting-point of fresh inquiry and fresh delight in every historical or theological treatise. The disentanglement of the Psalter, the Pentateuch, and the book of Isaiah from the artificial and fallacious monotony in which, regardless of times and circumstances, a blind tradition had involved them, gives a significance to the several portions of the respective books which no one who has once grasped will ever willingly part with. The Parables, as has been well of late described, have by their very nature an immortality of application which could never have been perceived had they been always, as they were in many instances at the time of their first delivery, shut up within the gross, carnal, matter-of-fact interpretation of those who said, 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat,' or 'He rebukes us because we have brought no leaven.' In short, from the moment that it was perceived, in the noble language of Burke, that the Bible was not a dead code, or collection of rigid dogmas, but as I have said a living and multifarous literature, from that moment it became as impossible in the nature of things that the educated portion of mankind should ever cease to take an interest in the Old and New Testament, as it would be that they should cease to take an interest in Homer, or Shakspeare, or Dante, or Scott. The sacred books, which were once regarded as the stars were regarded by ancient astronomers, spangles set in the sky, floating masses of nebulous light, a galaxy of milky spots, have now been resolved by the telescope of scholarship into their component parts. Lord Macaulay would not deny that astronomy has undergone a total revolution through Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton—a revolution which has immensely extended its grandeur and its usefulness. Erasmus, Lowth, Herder, Ewald have effected for biblical knowledge a revolution no less complete and no less beneficent. There has been, as it were, a triple chain of singular, one may almost say providential, coincidences. The same critical process which has opened our eyes to the beauty and the wisdom of the sacred records has, by revealing to us the large infusion of the poetic element, enabled us to distinguish between the temporary and the essential, between the parabolical and the historical; and thus, at the moment when science and ethnology are pointing out difficulties, which on a literal and mechanical view of the biblical records are insuperable, a door of escape has been opened by the disclosure of a higher aspect of Scripture, which would be equally true and valuable, were there no scientific difficulty in existence. Except in the lowest and most barbarous classes of society the invectives and the scoffs of the last century have ceased. They have been extinguished, not by the fires of the Inquisition or the anathemas of convocations or general assemblies, but by the steady growth of the same reverential, rational appreciation of the divine processes for the revelation of great truths, as has shut the mouths of the defamers of Milton, and covered with shame the despisers of Shakspeare."

With what crafty skill the Dean has in this passage covered the poison of infidelity with the sugar of pretended piety, the intelligent reader will easily perceive. The divine authority of the Scriptures may be safely denied, and still their original force and grace will be more keenly appreciated than when they were ignorantly supposed to be the record of a divine revelation. "Some parts" of this divine revelation have faded away beneath the light of criticism; all of its parts may fade away; but still we can enjoy reading the book as we enjoy reading Homer, or Dante, or Scott. Science and ethnology forbid us to receive what is written in the Bible in its plain and literal sense, and we should have to throw it away were it not that we may regard it as a collection of pretty fables which teach some pleasing moral lessons. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" said the Jews, and they regarded Jesus as an impostor. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" says Dean Stanley. "Of course, he cannot; he did not mean to say that he could; perhaps he never did say it; if he used the words he only meant to say that his moral teachings were wholesome." "The invectives and scoffs of the last century" were far less dangerous and deadly than such "reverential and rational appreciation" as this.

Having thus shown to the theo-

logical students of St. Andrews how they should begin to prepare themselves for the ministry, by regarding "the original documents of our faith" as partly fabulous, partly poetical, and partly parabolical, the Dean goes on to point out "two bridges" by which, when too hard pressed by "scientific difficulties," they may escape. He does not tell them how they may stand and fight in defence of the faith; he is anxious only that they may learn how to run away. They must learn to appreciate "the importance of definition," and to illustrate this he cited "the Gorham controversy, which in 1850 threatened to rend the Church of England from its summit to its base," and in which "the whole question hinged on the word 'regeneration.'" The controversy might have been avoided, in the Dean's opinion, had the disputants remembered that there was an ambiguity in the word, and had they defined what they meant to express by it. But the meaning of the word "regeneration" is perfectly simple, and the orthodox party at least in that controversy knew perfectly well what they meant to express by it. The Dean's other bridge of escape is "the growing sense of the doctrine of proportion;" and what he means by this is that all true things are not equally true! "In God's matters," said Samuel Rutherford, "there is not, as in grammar, the positive and comparative degree; there is not a true, a more true, and a most true." Dean Stanley says that Samuel Rutherford was wrong, and that the great masters of the scholastic philosophy were ignorant pedants. They were "not only not sound, but unsound to the very core," for "there *is* a true, a more true, and a most true." For instance, it may be true that Jesus Christ when he established his Church in the world, established as its ministers a priesthood; but Dean Stanley is not certain that this is true, and he is certain that if it be true it is not so true as the fact that if people would not bother themselves with asking whether it be true or not, but act as if they believed it to be false, "the Church of the future will leap forward on its course, bounding like a ship that has thrown over its supercharge of cargo." God, who is truth itself, has said some things which are at least relatively false, for that which is less than perfectly true must be to that extent untrue. The enunciation of this principle nicely paved the way for what Dean Stanley had to say about miracles. And here let us quote his exact words, so as to avoid the suspicion of doing him the least injustice:

"Or take a yet graver question—the mode of regarding those physical wonders which are called miracles. There is no doubt an increasing difficulty on this subject—a difficulty enhanced by the ever-growing incredulity of the educated section of mankind and by the ever-growing unbelief of the half educated. It is a question on which neither science nor religion, I venture to think, have yet spoken the last words. It is a complex argument, imperatively demanding that careful definition of which I spoke before, and the calm survey not only of the extraordinary incidents of biblical, but of ecclesiastical history, whether Catholic or Protestant. But the point on which I would desire to fix our attention is this: that whatever view we take of these physical portents, their relative proportion as grounds of argument has altogether changed. There is a well-known saying of St. Augustine in one of his happier moods, which expressed this sense of proportion long ago: 'We believe the miracles for the sake of the Gospels, not the Gospels for the sake of the miracles.' Fill your minds with this saying, view it in all its consequences, observe how many maxims both of the Bible and of philosophy conform to it, and you will find yourselves in a position which will enable you to treat with equanimity half the perplexities of this subject. However valuable the record of extraordinary incidents may be in other respects, however impressively they may be used to convey the truths of which they are confessedly the symbols, they have, in the eyes of the very men whom we most desire to convince, been stumbling-blocks and not supports. External evidence has with most thinking men receded to the background,

internal evidence has come to the front. Let us then learn by experience to use with moderation arguments which at least for the present have lost their force. Let us acknowledge that there are greater miracles, more convincing miracles than those which appeal only to our sense of astonishment. Let us recognize that the preternatural is not the supernatural, and that whether the preternatural is present or absent, the supernatural, the true supersensual, may and will remain unshaken."

What does this mean? The plain English of it seems to be that one is quite at liberty to believe that the miracles recorded in the Gospels as having been performed by our Lord never were performed. If our Lord were God incarnate in the flesh, all things were subject to him; and one who believes in the incarnation has no difficulty in believing the miracles. But the trouble with the men of whom Dean Stanley is so fond is that they do not believe in the incarnation, and they reject the miracles lest, by accepting them, they should be driven to believe in the incarnation. Let us surrender all this, says Dean Stanley. After having given up so much, we may as well give up this also. Let us surrender the miraculous, the preternatural, and fall back upon "the supernatural, the true supersensual."

But what is the supernatural? Oh, that is only "the essential in religion," "the purifying salt of Christianity," its "moral and spiritual beauty!" We may give up all else; all dogma, all sacraments, all belief in the truth of the written word, all credence in miracles; but on the solid rock of the beautiful moral teachings of Christianity and other religions we may plant our feet and bid defiance to the scientist. "To love whatever is truly lovable; to detest whatever is truly detestable; to believe that the glory and divinity of goodness is indestructible, and that there is and will be a constant enlargement and elevation of our conception of it, is a basis of religion which, whilst it preserves *all the best parts* of the sacred records, and of Christian worship and practice, is a guarantee at once for its perpetuity and its growth." Behold the Religion of the Future! What is it but a system of loosely defined and elastic morality; without a God; in which every one shall define for himself what is lovable and what detestable; and the "Sacred Books" of which shall be made up of "the best parts" of the Bible, the Koran, and the Vedahs?

We have said that Dean Stanley was the John the Baptist of his "Religion of the Future." But he disclaims that title. Perhaps he wishes to be its founder. At least he says that others have been its harbingers, and he adds, with commendable frankness, that they have been infidels. "It is not from within the close range of the so-called orthodox, but from the outlying camp of the so-called heretic or infidel, that the champions of the true faith have come. Not from the logic of Calvin, or the rhetoric of Bossuet, but from the great scholars and philosophers of the close of the last century and the beginning of this, have been drawn the best portraitures of Christianity and its founder. Not to the Synod of Dort, *but to the aspirations of the excommunicated Spinoza, was vouchsafed the clearest glimpse into the nature of the Deity.*"

All the "beneficent changes" in the world's history have been brought about "by States in defiance of the Church, by philosophers in defiance of divines;" "natural religion is in fact Christianity on a larger and grander scale" than its founder intended. Voltaire and Rousseau defended the hope of immortality as eagerly as did Butler and Paley. "There are many who have been inspired prophets without wearing the prophetic mantle, or bearing the mystic wand; and all these, whether statesmen," like Cavour, "philosophers" like Spinoza, "poets" like Swinburne, "have been among the

friends, conscious or unconscious, of the Religion of the Future. They are citizens, whether registered or unregistered, in the Jerusalem which is above, and which is free!"

The "Religion of the Future" need have no quarrel with the State. Why should it, since it will be hampered by no divine laws which the State might find objectionable? On the contrary it will become a branch of the civil service; and the establishment of which Dean Stanley is a pillar, instead of being swept away, will be wedded closer to the State, and will experience more than ever before "the enlarging, elevating influence infused into a religious institution, by its contact with so magnificent an ordinance as the British Commonwealth." The State is to elevate the Church, not the Church elevate the State. It is now often said that "the more gifted and cultivated minds of the coming generation shrink from the noble mission, because of the supposed restraints of the clerical profession." But in the Church of the Future they will have no restraints. The Westminster Confession of Faith —no confession, no creed—need bind them. "There is no reason," said the Dean, "why that confession should be an obstacle to the expanding forms of religious life among you." Each one of them may make up his own creed, and change it as often as he pleases, when the Religion of the Future is once established. And if Dean Stanley be a true witness, "the morrow, the coming century," will witness its triumph:

> O fortes, pejoraque passi mecum sape viri
> Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

It is possible—indeed we think it not improbable—that the proximate fate of the Protestant communions in Europe and this country may be that which Dean Stanley predicts for them, and to which he so eloquently invites them.

Protestantism, as a system, or a number of systems of dogmatic religion, is almost at its last gasp. The rankest infidelity is preached, week after week, in the pulpits of Protestant churches in this city, which still retain the name of being Orthodox. In Scotland—we quote now from a leading journal of the country—

> "Clergymen do not hesitate to condemn the standards of their churches, and are allowed by their ecclesiastical superiors to do it with impunity: the nature of Scriptural infallibility and authority itself is made matter of debate; and defences are openly put forward for those who hold the clerical office while disbelieving the doctrines legally connected with its tenure. All this points to the existence of an intense, if somewhat distracted, theological interest, whose secret magnitude is by no means to be measured by the amount of open expression which it finds here and there growing, though it be alike in volume and frequency."

In Holland three eminent clergymen of the Dutch Church are publishing a work entitled *The Bible for Young People*, which is based upon the theory that Jesus Christ was an amiable enthusiast, and that the miracles recorded of him are inventions.

In England—but Dean Stanley may be taken as the witness for England. If the prevailing tendency among the Protestant Churches be not checked, they may soon be content to accept Dean Stanley's plan, and set up "The Religion of the Future." What will come of it we do not venture to predict. But be its existence brief or long, peaceful or stormy, one thing we know: the Church of God, which has been the Church of the past, is the Church of the present, and will be the Church of the future, will live to see it die and be buried.

A CHAPLET OF VERSE FOR OUR BLESSED LADY'S MONTH.*

A WARNING worthy the reverent attention of Catholic writers is found in a certain saying in regard to our Blessed Lady, contained in Father de la Palma's noted *History of the Sacred Passion.* He speaks of the glorious Queen of heaven as her "in whose praises those who know least are most daring, and those who have acquired some knowledge find themselves poor and dumb."

Such words bid us put off the shoes from our feet before we dare draw near to that bush which was on fire and was not burnt; to beware how we put forth our hand to the ark of the Christian covenant, the Lady of the universe, the Mother of our God. It is a lesson for all writers, but especially for all verse-writers. And when in her own month we daily and hourly hail her with glad devotion, reverence demands that we bring her our offerings weeded of triviality and puerility on the one side, of rhapsody and bombast on the other. We know she loves the loving giver, however tinsel-like his gift may be; yet let us not, in print, give to the fairest among women what we would not think worth notice if addressed to the humblest of her daughters.

It is with this thought in mind that we are not afraid to call attention again to one well known in Catholic literature, and already dear to Catholic hearts. Born the daughter of a poet, and heir to his poet lyre, it was, nevertheless, not until after the true faith had been bestowed upon her, that the sweet, undazzling genius of Adelaide Anne Proctor shone out into a fevered world, which it was, in its quiet way, to help and beautify and soothe. At her death she left behind her a volume of poems, musical, worth reading, worth remembering, and endowed in a marked degree with two gifts of peculiar value,—simplicity and clean-heartedness. This book is composed of two series of "Legends and Lyrics," and of "A Chaplet of Verses." It is with the last of these that we have to deal to-day.

It was "published for the benefit of the Providence Row Night Refuge for Homeless Women and Children," under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy. This accords with the account of Miss Proctor in the slight sketch which Charles Dickens, who aided her in her literary efforts, has given us of her life.

"Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favorite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now, it was the sheltering of the homeless; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize, and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed eagerness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such inces-

* The Poems of Adelaide A. Proctor.
Un Choix des Petites Fleurs de Saint François, traduites de l'Italien—to be found in Les Poëtes Franciscains en Italie au Troizième Siècle, par A. F. Ozanam.

sant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink.

"To have saved her life, then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible, without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed.

"All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered.

"At length, at midnight on the 2d of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up. And she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one, 'Do you think I am dying, mamma?'

"'I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear.'

"'Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!'

"Her sister entering as they raised her, she said, 'It has come at last!' And with a bright and happy smile looked upward and departed."

Thirteen years before she had entered the church of God; now, on that February night of 1864, she watched the feast of our Blessed Lady's purification to its end, and then, serenely, brightly, she opened the eyes of her soul upon the face of her Lord. Her chaplet of verses is as her thank offering for the graces which, to such craving, hungry souls as hers, are exquisitely and peculiarly restful in the Catholic Church. And of the thirty-two poems which make the chaplet, thirteen—one for each of those best and holy years of the poet-life—may be said to belong to our Blessed Lady.

Little need here of hesitation lest we come upon some phrase we would wish unsaid. This poet is a woman, worn and weary, who has found her true mother in the Mother of her Lord, and coming like a little, tired, trustful child, lays down her head upon that Mother's knee and rests. Throughout her poetry, from end to end, we see the token of a tired soul come home, home to the arms of her who, given us for our mother from the cross of Christ, "can never forget what it cost her to become a mother," home to the sacred heart of Jesus, where every desire of the most fevered soul finds peace.

The poem, which she herself called "A Chaplet of Flowers," paints in touching words the inner life of her heart. Shall we presume to shorten it by so much as a single stanza?

"Dear, set the casement open,
The evening breezes blow
Sweet perfumes from the flowers
I cannot see below.

"I can but catch the waving
Of chestnut boughs that pass,
Their shadow must have covered
The sun-dial on the grass.

"So go and bring the flowers
I love best to my room,
My failing strength no longer
Can bear me where they bloom.

"You know I used to love them,
But ah! they come too late,—
For see, my hands are trembling
Beneath their dewy weight.

"So I will watch you weaving
A chaplet for me, dear,
Of all my favorite flowers,
As I could do last year.

"First, take these crimson roses,—
How red their petals glow!
Red as the blood of Jesus,
Which heals our sin and woe.

"See in each heart of crimson
A deeper crimson shine:
So in the foldings of our hearts
Should glow a love divine.

"Next place those tender violets,
Look how they still regret
The cell where they were hidden,—
The tears are on them yet.

"How many souls—his loved ones—
Dwell lonely and apart,
Hiding from all but One above
The fragrance of their heart.

"Then take that virgin lily,
How holily she stands!
You know the gentle angels
Bear lilies in their hands.

"Yet crowned with purer radiance,
A deeper love they claim,
Because their queen-like whiteness
Is linked with Mary's name.

"And now this spray of ivy:
You know its gradual clasp
Uproots strong trees, and towers
Fall crumbling in its grasp.

"So God's dear grace around us
With secret patience clings,
And slow, sure power that loosens
Strong holds on human things.

"Then heliotrope, that turneth
Towards her lord the sun,—
Would that our thoughts as fondly
Sought our beloved One

"Nay, if that branch be fading,
Cast not one blossom by,
Its little task is ended,
And it does well to die.

"And let some field flowers even
Be wreathed among the rest,
I think the infant Jesus
Would love such ones the best.

"These flowers are all too brilliant,
So place calm heart's-ease there,
God's last and sacred treasure
For all who wait and bear.

"Here lemon leaves, whose sweetness
Grows sweeter than before,
When bruised, and crushed, and broken,
Hearts need that lesson more.

"Yet stay,—one crowning glory,
All his, and yet all ours!
The dearest, tenderest thought of all,
Is still the passion flowers.

"So take it now,—nay, heed not
My tears that on it fall;
I thank him for the flowers,
As I can do for all.

"And place it on the altar,
Where oft, in days long flown,
I knelt by his dear Mother,
And knew she was my own.

"The bells ring out her praises,
The evening shades grow dim;
Go there and say a prayer for me,
And sing Our Lady's hymn.

"While I lie here, and ask her help
In that last, longed-for day—
When the beloved of my heart
Shall call my soul away."

The unshaken, childlike faith meets and mingles with the vesper twilight in which the song was sung. It is the heart striving to express what, in a hymn of the Sacred Heart, it bids itself learn, and is beyond expression:

"What words can speak the joy
For thee in store?
What smiles of earth can tell
Of peace like thine?
Silence and tears are best
For things divine."

Silence, meekness, gentle abiding peace, these are the notes which, over and over again, this poet touches, as she sings of abiding joy in the midst of a mortal pain. In one long poem she has painted the various shrines of Our Lady, where in past years she has knelt, and to which her thoughts revert in loving memory. The touch of real life is upon the verses. Evidently the writer is describing places where she has truly been, and indeed found help in them.

The description of the fifth shrine speaks to many a dweller in cities with a very tender power, bringing back memories of just such beloved places, dark and dingy to the outward eye, but dear and beautiful to the heart.

"Where long ages of toil and of sorrow,
And poverty's weary doom,
Have clustered together so closely,
That life seems shadowed with gloom.

"Where crime that lurks in the darkness,
And vice that glares at the day,
Make the spirit of hope grow weary,
And the spirit of love decay.

"Where the feet of the wretched and sinful
Have closest and oftenest trod,
Is a house as humble as any,
Yet we call it the house of God.

"It is one of Our Lady's chapels;
And though poorer than all the rest,
Just because of the sin and the sorrow,
I think she loves it the best.

"There are no rich gifts on the altar,
The shrine is humble and bare,
Yet the poor and the sick and the tempted
Think their home and their heaven is there.

"And before that humble altar,
Where our Lady of Sorrow stands,
I knelt with a weary longing,
And I laid a vow in her hands.

"And I know, when I enter softly
And pause at that shrine to pray,
That the fret and the strife and the burden
Will be softened and laid away.

"And the prayer and the vow that sealed it,
Have bound my soul to that shrine,
For the Mother of Sorrows remembers
Her promise, and waits for mine."

Gently and simply the verse flows on, with a noticeable lack of effort and affectation; the writer is only writing as she thinks, and as she prays. There are Protestants who love Miss Proctor's poems. What do they make of words like these? "Threefold" lays the Past and Present and Future at Mary's feet; "*Ora pro me*" asks not only for her prayers, but for her teaching, her support; in "The Annunciation" the changes are sung with loving, lingering reiteration in the *Ave Maria* of the Angel; in "Birthday Gifts" a child is taught to offer its self-denials, its crosses, its love, its heart to Mary; in "The Names of Our Lady," one title follows another with the lavishness of extreme affection, blended with that ever recurring thought of peace.

"Through the wide world thy children raise
Their prayers, and still we see
Calm are the nights and bright the days
Of those who trust in thee.

"Around thy starry crown are wreathed
So many names divine:
Which is the dearest to my heart,
And the most worthy thine?

* * * *

"*Mary:* the dearest name of all,
The holiest and the best;
The first low word that Jesus lisped,
Laid on his Mother's breast."

Does it never occur to the Protestant reader that she who sang with such devotion of the Mother, has sounded intense depths of devotion to the Son? Let us place here two of her holy hymns which Protestants have found room and use for in their public religious services and in private also. Would that they might ask themselves if it may not be possible that they are presuming to put asunder what God himself has joined! The first hymn has in it the very wail of the winter wind, the very darkness of the winter night, the very heartache of the pilgrim-soul, which this poet-soul, like an Æolian harp, gives voice to tenderly.

"The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare;
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.

More heavy was thy burden,
More desolate thy way;
O Lamb of God who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us.

"The snows lie thick around us,
In the dark and gloomy night;
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness,
Round Calvary's Cross that day:
O Lamb of God who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us.

"Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and hard to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair:
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And thou wilt bid it cease;
O Lamb of God who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us thy peace!"

Upon this long-drawn sob of prayer, upon this desolate journey through winter's storm, follows another hymn, breathed in the calm twilight at the close of a summer's day, but it is the same heart-cry to Him who is our peace.

"The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers,
The dews of evening lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

"The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

"Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

"Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!"

Alas! when will men learn, that, like every other gift or guide or grace that God has given to Catholics, Mary, our Lord's beloved Mother, is ours to lead us nearer and more surely, day by day, to Him? When

will they learn that the passionate devotion which we offer her is so much incense before God's high altar, well pleasing in his sight? When will they believe that he delights to be glorified in his saints, and most of all in her, the holiest of saints? Still they stand outside, and pass their judgment that we give undue honor to our Blessed Mother, and place her in the place of God. Turn from their accusations and their taunts to the happy churches that keep her month with song and flowers.

"Strew before Our Lady's picture
Roses,—flushing like the sky
Where the lingering western cloudlets
Watch the daylight die.

"Violets steeped in dreamy odors,
Humble as the Mother mild,
Blue as were her eyes when watching
O'er her sleeping child.

"Strew white lilies, pure and spotless,
Bending on their stalks of green,
Bending down with tender pity,
Like our Holy Queen.

"Let the flowers spend their fragrance
On Our Lady's own dear shrine,
While we claim her gracious helping,
Near her Son divine.

"Strew before Our Lady's picture
Gentle flowers, fair and sweet;
Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Sorrow,
Place, too, at her feet.

"Hark! the Angelus is ringing,—
Ringing through the fading light,
In the heart of every blossom,
Leave a prayer to-night.

"All night long will Mary listen,
While our pleadings, fond and deep,
On their scented breath are rising
For us, while we sleep.

"Scarcely through the starry silence
Shall one trembling petal stir,
While they breathe their own sweet fragrance
And our prayers to her.

"Peace to every heart that loves her!
All her children shall be blest;
While she prays and watches for us,
We will trust and rest."

Her children know it well—they who trust her, and give themselves humbly and like little children to the safe shelter of her Immaculate Heart, will become more and more like the Sacred Heart of Him who knew His people's needs, and gave His Mother to them to be their Mother also.

Once the Catholic poet, whose words we have been quoting, described a mystic converse of a worshipper in a lonely church with Him who drove all loneliness away. She laid before Him what she had striven to do for Him. His answer was, "*My child, give me thy heart.*"

"For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep, my saints in heaven
Its depths can never know:
When pierced and wounded on the Cross,
Man's sin and doom were mine,
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and divine!

"I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
My soul bears all thy pains;
To gain thy love my sacred heart
In earthly shrines remains:
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine;
Give it, my child, thy heart to me,
And it shall rest in mine.

"In awe she listened, and the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In low and trembling voice she cried,—
'Lord help me to obey!
Break thou the chains of earth, O Lord,
That bind and hold my heart;
Let it be thine, and thine alone,
Let none with thee have part.

"'Send down, O Lord, thy sacred fire!
Consume and cleanse the sin
That lingers still within its depths,
Let heavenly love begin.
That sacred flame thy saints have known,
Kindle, O Lord, in me,
Thou above all the rest forever,
And all the rest in thee.'

"The blessing fell upon her soul;
Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come;
Her soul was purified:
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,—
But peace went with her as she left
The sacred presence there!"

"*That sacred flame thy saints have known;*" here lies the key to these mysteries of the faith which Protestants misunderstand and deride. Could they once feel the consuming yet recreating touch of that divine fire, they might know what, for Catholics, is contained in the word GOD, and so might comprehend that in the absorbing love for the Infinite is necessarily contained love for each finite thing that his hand has touched, but most for those things that are nearest and likest him? Carry our love, our *cultus* of Mary, to its height, no mortal intelligence can fathom the mysterious honor of hav-

ing been called to be, and of having consented to be, the Mother of God. Yet we know that even such marvellous glory bears no proportion to the infinite glory of God, and we praise and love Our Lady fearlessly, because we know that love and honor to her bring us only the nearer to a love of her Creator, which is an absolute love. The great saint who dared to write in praise of the Blessed Virgin psalms imitated from King David's psalms to the glory of God, wrote also, as he guided souls onward from realm to realm of the spiritual life higher into the supreme essence, words whose austere holiness humbles the pride of intellect to the dust, while it spurs the heart towards perfection:

"It is necessary that all intellectual labor be abandoned, and the whole force of the affections be transferred and transformed into God. . . . But if thou askest how these things may be done, question grace, not doctrine; desire, not the intellect; the groaning of prayer, not the study of books; the spouse, not the teacher; God, not man. . . . . Let us die therefore, and let us walk in the realm of mysteries; let us reduce to silence cares, wishes, and vain phantoms; let us pass with Christ crucified out of this world to the Father."*

Through prayer, praise, adoration, the soul has winged its flight of tireless love to the very bosom of God, its will becoming one with his will, its life one with his life, till upon that soul the work of the Incarnation is wrought out, and the creature, whose nature God deigned to take upon himself, he has deigned likewise to exalt into mysterious oneness with himself.

* "Oportet quod relinquantur omnes intellectuales operationes, et apex affectus totus transferatur et transformetur in Deum. . . . Si autem quæris quo modo hæc fiant, interroga gratiam, non doctrinam, desiderimus, non intellectum, gemitum orationis, non studium lectionis, sponsum, non magistrum, Deum, non hominem. . . . Moriamur ergo et ingrediamur in caliginem; imponamus silentium solicitudinibus, concupiscentiis et phantasmatibus; transeamus cum Christo crucifixo ex hoc mundo ad Patrem."

Place beside the chaplet of verses woven by the hand of an Englishwoman and an English Catholic of our day, another wreath, woven likewise in our day by a woman's hand. A selection from the "Fioretti di San Francesco" has been rendered into French by Mme. Ozanam, in language of whose style it may be said that the simplicity and beauty are worthy of the subject. Thirty-three is the number of this chaplet; simplicity and clean-heartedness distinguish it; it is redolent with child-like faith. A few sweet words consecrate it to its mission of love.

"Au nom de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ crucifié et de sa Mère, la vierge Marie, on a réuni dans ce livre comme autant de petites fleurs, les miracles et les pieux exemples du glorieux pauvre du Christ, saint François, et de quelques-uns de ses très-saints compagnons, le tout à la louange de Jésus-Christ."

It is the story of men and women like ourselves, with human ties and interest all around them, who chose to give up all for the passionate love of Christ; chose of a glad free will to live daily a life which the world calls death, or brands with suspicion and with taunt; chose to silence cares and wishes and vain fancies, till their prayer became "Lord Jesus, who wast pleased to embrace extreme poverty, the grace I beg of thee is, that thou bestow on me the privilege of poverty." Literally, with the crucified, the dead Christ, they passed out of this world and above this world to God. The very pains their Master suffered they craved to suffer, the scorn, the ingratitude, the blows, the dolorous way. And around them, from the sin and ruin of the world, a new world bloomed; to these men, in their *naïveté* of intensest faith, the wild beasts and the birds became obedient; upon these holy souls descended their Lord's own gift of miraculous power. The order, the great Franciscan order, with its far-reaching ramifications,

grew not by hundreds but by thousands and tens of thousands. *Deus mêus et Omnia* was its motto, and the secret of its marvellous fecundity and might. And foremost among them stands their Founder, bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, to whom his deep prayer had been :

"Grant, O Lord, that the sweet violence of thy most ardent love may disengage and separate me from everything that is under heaven and entirely consume me, that I may die for the love of thy infinite love. This I beg by thyself, O Son of God, who diedst for love of me. My God, and my All ! who art thou, O sweetest Lord ? and who am I, thy servant and a base worm ? I desire to love thee, most holy Lord. I have consecrated to thee my soul and my body, with all that I am. Did I know what to do more perfectly to glorify thee, this I would most ardently do ; yes, this I most ardently wish to accomplish, O my God !"

Gauged by the standard of such prayer as this, we lay the *Fioretti* of St. Francis and the Chaplet in our Blessed Lady's honor before the judgment-bar of God, and not of man.

BLESSED BE GOD IN HIS SAINTS. AMEN !

THE BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Ma douce amie, I greet thee,
In this merry month of May,
So blooming, blest, and lovely—
Suited for thy own birthday !
May bright skies e'er shine o'er thee,
And choice graces strew thy way;
Rejoice—may angels bless thee,
Yearly on thy own birthday.

During this gay month of flowers,
Of the dear spotless Queen of May,
How sweet to think of those bright hours
Ere shadows dim life's gladsome way !
Round thy path white lilies twine,
True emblems of that soul of thine,
Yearning to grow e'er more divine.

JOHN NELSON'S MARRIAGE.

"In general opinion, marriage in real life, as in a comedy, is the end. On the contrary, it is really the beginning."—MADAME SWETCHINE.

JOHN NELSON was neither as vain as Lamartine nor as poetical as that sentimental Frenchman, but he met his Graziella in Italy, and her name was Tita Malatesta. If questioned about a certain tragedy which took place long ago, and in which two of her name were concerned, she would have smiled, for she had pretty teeth, saying, "I know not of it, Signor." And if you had taken your Dante, as John Nelson did, and read to her the story of Francesca and Paolo, she would have said, "It served them right," feeling that Francesca was a great fool not to be satisfied with Lanciotto, who gave her a palace and plenty to eat and drink. Tita was not sentimental. In most things she was very matter-of-fact; after she became John Nelson's wife it was odd to hear his American friends at Sorrento call her Mrs. Nelson, while Tita still wore her picturesque peasant dress, and her answer, with smiling lips, "Si, Signore; si, Signorita."

His marriage was very imprudent, Nelson's friends said; but his friends were few and far between, and their opinion was not expressed strongly, for John Nelson was a bachelor of thirty years' standing when he married; and if he had not a right to do as he pleased, who had? The relatives of his, at home in New York, were so distant that blood in his and their case was not much thicker than water; so he did not consult them. In Italy he was considered rich; at home he would have been marked in mammas' list of "*partis*" "well to do."

A note from his acquaintance, the Viscomte de Vaudrier, who, having spent four years in Washington, was justly regarded by his Parisian friends as a master of the English tongue, both in speaking and writing, will give you an idea of the light in which his friends regarded his launch into matrimony.

DEAR FRIEND: You have no doubt great surprise for receive a letter of me, but i may make it only a billet, for my aunt, which is a priest, Monsieur l'Abbé de Vaudrier, have come to arrive in Paris. He have come last night, and it must that i give to him great attention, which is a plage, but right that it should be. You know how well I speak the English in Vashington, but I have much improve now, for i speak her all the day to my brother, the Marquis, which I teach, and even to my horses, of which i say, "Go lon'—skedaddell!" And they go lon'.

I have heard to speak of your marriage. She is a little Italian *paysanne*, is it not? As you go not great deal among the society, it is not great deal importance that she may be *paysanne au bout ses ongles;* and as you Americans have no families aristocratics, it is not bad for you, if that she may be jolie and also good wife. I put my good wishes at the feet of Madame; i kiss her hands. My broter also have surprise of your marriage. He say you are not like the spirituel Lamartine, but you have *les défauts de vos qualités.* My aunt, M. l'Abbé, you send his blessing, and have great pleasure you have marry one of our Faith.

Yours,
ALPHONSE DE VAUDRIER.

Like De Vaudrier, all his friends were resigned. He received one indignant letter. It was from his cousin's widow, and it was stormily indignant. His cousin had been a Methodist minister,—a herald of wrath and hellfire among his brethren,—a man who lovingly read the inspired words of Eugene Laurence in *Harper's Weekly*,—who tried to believe that convent schools were ways to "the pit," who sternly forbade his daughter to wear *cardi-*

nal ribbon ("that symbol of antichrist!"). In a phrase, he was a collection of fossilized prejudices, preserved in malice and uncharitableness. During his life his wife had been a mild little woman, who might, had somebody proposed to convert the Pope, have answered, like the woman in Thackeray's novel, "Poor Pope, what has he done?" After her husband's death his spirit seemed to have taken possession of her. She was a living proof of the doctrine of metempsychosis. In her letter to John Nelson she implored him "to break the vile nets of the scarlet woman, to be another Samson, and pull down the temple of the idolaters"—

"She means St. Peter's," thought John.

"To put the Bible in the hands of his wife (she inclosed one for the poor deluded woman); to let her drink of the pure stream"—

John laughed, as he imagined Tita struggling with the pure stream of King James's English.

"To part from the Jesuit in disguise (Mrs. Greenough firmly believed that Tita was a Jesuit in disguise) if she refused to hear the truth."

"Are you a Jesuit, Tita?" asked John.

"What do you mean, G'ovanni? The good Jesuits are priests."

Tita looked at him in the most matter-of-fact way, and then a smile, a reflection of his, curved her lips, and she shook her head, suspecting that G'ovanni was enjoying one of those things which she never tried to understand—a joke.

The days were very pleasant at Sorrento. Sicilian muses, who since the days of Theocritus, live only as nightingales among the orange-groves of Sorrento, kept night and day awake with shakes and roulades sweeter than were ever heard at La Scala. The days passed in dreamy *dolce far niente*. Tita divided her time between her mother's farm and her husband's villa. Sunshine, bluest of blue skies and waters, even when set to the music of a nightingale, do not make life; and John Nelson longed for the less tender breezes of his own country.

Tita was good, loving, simple as a child; but there were many things that she could not understand in her husband's sayings and doings; and to John Nelson the worst of this was that she would not try to understand. She was willing to take too much on faith.

"Dear G'ovanni," she said to herself, "he knows no better; he means well; he has lived so long among the heretics."

Tita's ideas of geography were vague. She knew the world was round, and her knowledge was founded on as good ground as the knowledge of most of us—she had been told so. China and our glorious country were to her the same, and, though her state of mind may seem incomprehensible, she would have, with the same degree of distaste, gone to one as the other. Tita could read, but she never did. John had read to her *I Promessi Sposi*. The novel interested her.

"Is it true?" she asked, when he had half finished it.

"No," he answered; "Manzoni made it out of his head."

"I do not like lies," said Tita, and would hear no more.

In matters of religion Tita was an authority. She could confound John's elaborate arguments in the fewest words. She knew all the Bible stories by heart, and as she had received them orally, they were, coming from her lips, like pale-tinted marble under ruby-colored glass. The legends of the saints were her history. In Italy she was playful, petulant sometimes, matter-of-fact, having a childish love for John—a love which he, after he had been married a few months, compared to a shallow stream. "It may run on forever, but it will never

grow deeper. Tita will never be a woman." There was bitterness in the thought.

John Nelson had become a Catholic more from love of Tita than love of truth; but he believed in a lazy kind of a way. He went to Mass with Tita, yet heaven could scarcely expect from him, a cultured American who had lived in Boston, the sort of cultus it got from Italian peasants. He did not own this thought, but nevertheless it was in his mind. He patronized Providence, and felt that he had made a sacrifice when the *contadini* pointed him out as one of the *forestieri* among Padre Lenceno's parishioners.

Tita did not want to leave lovely Sorrento. It was her home. Her mother did not urge her to stay. "Women must obey their husbands," said that matron; and married daughters did not fill much space in a mother's heart which already held nine other living Malatestas. "Wives must obey their husbands," said Padre Lenceno, too, so Tita dried her tears, and hid her face on John's shoulder as the beauty of Sorrento faded away.

Hotel life in New York, John thought, would not suit either him or his wife; and, to set Tita up as a housekeeper, inexperienced as she was in the ways of American life, was an idea that he could not entertain. It was not that John felt the want of near relations, sensible uncles and anxious aunts. There were the Greenoughs. He thought about them. Mrs. Greenough was zealously intemperate only in words, and, happily, Tita could not understand them; and his cousins, Vashti and Esther, as he remembered them, were mere girls. Besides, the Greenoughs were not rich, and two boarders who could pay well would doubtless help them.

Tita shivered in the May breezes that swept into New York from the sea. John left her near the register in the warmest room of the hotel, and started to interview the Greenoughs.

"John Nelson!—*c'est moi, mon ami!*"

"De Vaudrier!"

Nelson grasped the hand of a young man who had just dropped out of a car. It was his friend De Vaudrier, a stripling of about twenty-two, tall, slim, dark-eyed, with a flush on his cheeks and a slight mustache on his lip. De Vaudrier dropped his travelling-bag, and turned about to embrace John in the Continental fashion, when he remembered that he was not at home.

"I have overjoy to view you," he said, his face lit up with a cordial smile; "I am come to arrive. I 'ave no 'otel yet. Where are you resting?"

"Stay with me," said John; "I will arrange everything for you."

De Vaudrier left his portmanteau at the hotel, and accompanied his friend.

"I am travel for instruction; but, *mon ami*, let us speak French. It is singular, I love best the English at home, and the French here. Hast thou brought thy wife?"

He was on his native heath, and he began to "tutoyer" John with much volubility.

The Greenoughs were at home. They lived in a cottage in the suburbs. The cottage had two gothic towers, a miniature carriage-house, an ornate balcony, and bay windows in several unexpected places. It was built of brick, but coated with an imposing cement. Some people thought it was of stone. The house was too large for her family, Mrs. Greenough said; but, though she would not think of entertaining ordinary boarders, John, his wife, and friend might come. She could not refuse to receive her own flesh and blood. She looked like a martyr as she said this, but inwardly she rejoiced that now the taxes would not seem such an important item, and the girls might have new dresses, in

time for the next anniversary at the Bethel Church. The matter was settled.

Mrs. Greenough was small, delicate, and serious-looking. In her solemn suit of sable, she looked like one who was always ready to cry out in her thin, artificial voice, "Woe! woe!" to the world.

The girls, Vashti and Esther, were different. One could see that by the books on the parlor-table. There were Spencer's *Sociology,* Matthew Arnold, and other new lights for Vashti; Rossetti, William Morris, and even Swinburne for Esther. They were both "advanced;" but they went to services, and Mrs. Greenough was too intensely interested in the heathen without her gates to think of the heathens within.

The girls were twins; they were much alike in appearance; both blondes, and rather pretty. Vashti was the taller, and she adopted the Greek style. Esther being shorter and plumper was mediæval. They had "views" of their own on everything in, above, and beneath the sun.

"Never did your papa dream," said Mrs. Greenough, solemnly and sadly, "that necessity should force me to take Papists under his roof! What sacrifices we must make for the cause!"

"What cause?" demanded Esther.

"Mamma intends to convert them."

"I do," responded Mrs. Greenough.

And she did, especially the young Vicomte. What a sweetly pious account of the dear young man's deliverance from error she could write in the *Evangelical Times!* How envious the present Bethel clergyman's wife would be, as she entered anniversary meetings on the arm of her converted member of the French aristocracy! It was a consoling thought.

"For that I can bear it all."

"Even a fish-dinner on Fridays?"

"And Jesuits hiding in all the closets, as they do in Catherine Sinclair's novels," laughed Vashti.

"Never," said Mrs. Greenough, gravely, "to that I will *never* submit. I defy them!" And she folded her arms, and looked serenely before her.

"We will have a real Vicomte here, anyhow, and give *musicales* every Thursday. How those snobbish Glover girls will feel it! They are always talking of an Italian baron they discovered at the Exposition. 'Permit me, Miss Glover, to present Monsieur le Vicomte de Vaudrier,' I will say, carelessly, and Julia Glover will attack him in French, which he will not understand, and which I will interpret for him!" cried Esther, turning rapidly on the piano-stool, and began Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

"No," said Vashti, contradicting her sister's music, "I will be Madame la Vicomtesse!"

To decide the matter the girls tossed an antique medal, and Esther won De Vaudrier.

De Vaudrier was not so easily won. He was shy of these young ladies when he came to dwell beneath their mother's roof. Their manners rather frightened him. There was not the slightest impropriety in their "style" according to our American canons, but De Vaudrier did not judge young ladies by our American canons. He had lived in Paris, and yet he was not spoiled. He was manly, yet good and ingenuous to an extent which we rarely find among American young men, but which, in France, is often found in those families whose sons are not corrupted by the detestable government lyceums.

Esther's French, like that of the dainty man in Chaucer, was not of Paris, and her first attempt at æsthetical conversation was a failure. He knew nothing of art or literature, but much about vine-growing in his department in Burgundy and other

useful things. Esther struck him with Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, and thought she had made a hit; De Vaudrier was certainly stunned.

"I know not Rutskin," he said.

She asked him if he had read Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, which she had heard was extremely æsthetic.

De Vaudrier opened his eyes in horror. *Ces demoiselles Americaines* were too much for his understanding. He took refuge with Tita. That silent little woman was much more congenial company than this Miss who talked boldly of everything.

Tita was alone on a rustic seat in the porch. The pale blue of the sky was fading to evening's gray. Tita looked very uncomfortable in a black silk dress. She seemed afraid to move her arms, and her head was kept stationary by an uncomfortable ruffle around her neck. How she longed for the freedom of her peasant costume!

"She looks like the kitten when I tie her up in my handkerchief," thought Esther.

She certainly did not offer a pleasing contrast to Vashti, who, in a faultless costume of gray and blue, with a fillet of violets in her golden hair, walked up and down the garden-walk with John Nelson by her side. He, fresh from a land of brunettes, thought he had never seen a woman so beautiful.

Tita watched them, and felt like crying. She felt and looked lonely. De Vaudrier, with his pleasant smile, brought a checker-table out, and offered to teach her the game. Youth is elastic; and Tita was soon deep in a game of checkers. De Vaudrier laughed at her blunders in the game, and she laughed at his broken Italian. Mrs. Greenough, anxious to improve each shining hour, drew her chair near them. In one of the pauses of the game, she said something about Popish superstition and Jesuitical wickedness ("I was merely stating facts," she afterwards said, "without the slightest intention of offending the young man.")

"Madame," answered De Vaudrier, with severe politeness, "I am great surprise that an old hag like you, with two feet in the tombstone, should speak thus of our holy faith."

Mrs. Greenough was speechless. "Old hag!" It is true De Vaudrier thought that hag was a synonym for woman; but Mrs. Greenough did not know that. She gave him up; she felt that he would be damned, though, as she said, she tried to conceal the horrible fact from herself.

Vashti Greenough had received John Nelson with great cordiality. He was an old flame of hers, she declared, adding, "and, as we are cousins, of course your wife can't be jealous." It pleased John to hear her talk in this way, which she did with charming archness and candor. She talked so well. She could tell him everything that had occurred in the dramatic, literary, and musical worlds, since he had buried himself in Italy. The very first night she played his favorite nocturne, gave a crisp criticism of *Daniel Deronda* for his benefit, and recited a little idyl, which he had written for one of the magazines. John Nelson turned the leaves of her music-book with a warm consciousness of being appreciated—a delicate kind of flattery liable to turn any man's head.

De Vaudrier went to his room early. Tita sat outside the circle of lamplight, with an open album in her lap, gazing at the group near the piano. Her face was troubled. She seemed to be trying to understand. This was new to her; Giovanni had never before neglected her. She only smiled when he praised his beautiful cousin.

After this the days were full of weariness for Tita. Vashti and

Esther tried to be friendly, but, as they could not speak her language, their efforts amounted to very little. Mrs. Greenough avoided her. John was always engaged. Vashti had discovered some new ferns, would he not come down to the greenhouse and look at them? Vashti wanted to go to the picture-galleries; Vashti liked the opera; Vashti enjoyed an occasional drive, and John was always her cavalier; for pictures, music, and drives, Tita cared only when Giovanni was with her alone. She would not divide him with any one; and so she sat in a sunny corner of the parlor, and thought De Vaudrier saw this with pain, and he tried hard to amuse Tita. These two grew friendly, and Tita sometimes forgot her troubles for a moment when he spoke.

Prejudice is a upas tree that poisons all the air around it. Mrs. Greenough was prejudiced against De Vaudrier. She believed good could come as naturally from him as figs from thistles.

John Nelson ceased even to go to Mass with Tita. The girls, anxious to show off their handsome cousin at the Bethel, persuaded him to go to morning service.

"Tita mia," he said, playfully, "you will do the praying for us both, while I watch the pretty girls!"

If he could only have known the pain in her heart! Every Sunday De Vaudrier, with honest indignation in his mind, escorted Tita to High Mass.

One evening, when sunset was burning the west with crimson, purple, and gold, Tita sat on the porch as usual, sad, silent, lonely. Grief had made her a woman. She was no longer a child. Up the path came John. He seemed about to come to her, when from the arbor stepped Vashti. She stopped him, and pinned a rosebud on his coat. Tita grasped her heart.

"Oh, because I am dumb, do they think I cannot see?"

John Nelson's eyes met Vashti's. A regret entered his mind. Why had he tied himself to a little Italian child?

The tragedy of Francesca di Rimini, which John, in the pleasant days, had read to her out of Dante, floated across her mind. "If I could kill them! if I could kill them!" she thought, and the burning pain in her heart seemed to burn her breast. "*O Santa Maria, ora pro me! ora pro me!*" And she fled to her room to weep and pray passionately.

Neither De Vaudrier nor Tita were at breakfast the next morning. De Vaudrier was often absent, but Tita—

"Tita is gone," said Esther. "Mary saw her pass the kitchen door, with a small bundle, last night. She thought nothing of it; Tita was always giving things to the poor."

"Good works are vain," began her mother.

"One moment, mamma; but when she found that Tita had not slept in her room, she came to me. Here is a note she left for John."

John, about to leave the dining-room, had paused in the door, and Esther entered by the other. He turned back, and took the note. In large, tremblingly-traced letters, he read, "Addio, Giovanni."

"And De Vaudrier has gone, too," said Mrs. Greenough, significantly.

John put his hands to his head. His face took a purplish hue.

"Mr. De Vaudrier is in the garden," said Esther, softly. Mrs. Greenough blushed, and, it is hoped, profited by the rebuke.

Detectives, telegraph, all the modern means for detecting fugitives were set to work. No Tita. Three weeks passed, and still she was not found. About this time John Nelson fell sick. "A cold, an overtaxed mind, headache, pain in the back," the Greenoughs said at first.

"Small-pox," the doctor said at last.

Exeunt the Greenoughs and De Vaudrier over to those snobbish Glo-

vers. John Nelson, the small-pox, and Mary, who had had the disease, remained; but the small-pox and Nelson were often left alone, for Mary, being unwatched, and "having a free foot," except in the morning, when the doctor came, went into town, to pay a number of calls she owed to certain nursemaids and cooks.

On one of these afternoons out, John Nelson awoke from a delirious dream, thirsting and parched with fever.

"Giovanni!"

Was it an echo from his dream?

A cool cheek was pressed close to his hot one.

"Tita, Tita!" he cried, in horror, "leave me. My disease will kill you; it is killing me."

"Then I will die with you, Giovanni."

She would not go. He raved and entreated. She remained. Late in August, he arose, pale, thin, scarred; but Tita was happy. He was hers again.

"My heart was breaking," Tita said; "I went into the city, and found some of my country people. They gave me bread, and I made clothes for the little ones; but I could not stay away from you, Giovanni. I came, and you are mine again. I was wrong to go; Padre Lenceno would have said: 'Wait and pray—but you are mine again.'"

"Yes, yours and God's," he says, devoutly.

"Thank God, whom I forsook, and his Blessed Mother!"

The Greenoughs returned to their house. De Vaudrier went to Brazil, with a kind adieu from his *bel enfant*, as he called Tita. John Nelson and his wife, happier than they ever were, are now on their way to Rome.

A THOUGHT IN SPRINGTIME.

From the window of my chamber,
Looking forth o'er God's fair land,
Where the smiling, joyous springtime
Grasps cold winter's withered hand,
I behold the shadows passing
Swiftly over hill and plain;
E'er the darkness veils them, sunshine
Makes all nature smile again.

Thus we find it with life's journey:
"Every bitter hath its sweet;"
Tho' through pathways, dark and thorny,
God directs our weary feet,
Still the sunlight of his mercy
Follows us with glowing light,
And, at last, the gates of heaven
Burst upon our fading sight.

PILGRIMS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

SHOULD any *Catholic Record* reader venture to cross the broad Atlantic for the purpose of visiting fair France, he must not fail to push his explorations as far as Beauvais, where history, art, and nature join to make a few days' stay agreeable and instructive. Here will he find remains of churches in which St. Bernard's voice was heard; paintings in silk, the glory of those intelligent and patient artists whose Gobelin work was so much admired at the Centennial Exhibition, and finally, scenery which might tempt a son of fair Italy to content himself abroad. It was while in the enjoyment of such beauties of nature that the writer came across one of those old statues with which France abounds, and whose strange grotesqueness will tempt the irreverent to smile in a manner that may possibly attract the ire of some looker-on, whose affection from early childhood has been strangely centred in the frightened-looking saint.

The assertion may safely be ventured that of the hundreds of English visitors who annually resort to these country towns of France, more than the majority look upon such external manifestations of simple piety as rank superstition, while many among the less vituperative will assert that such statues should be destroyed as detrimental to æsthetic taste and a means by which the poor are kept in submission by a wily priesthood. But with such we have nothing to do; their views form no part of the stock taken by intelligent Catholic tourists, and as for their tastes, why, if the appearance of such statues irritates, the simplest remedy is not to look at them. Among the saints whose statues thus indicate the faith of the inhabitants Saints Peter and Roch are the favorites. Over many doors may be noticed a niche, at times incased with glass, oftener totally open, where the prince of the Apostles, with keys in hand, stands as sentinel for the Christian family within. If with the writer you permit yourself the remark, "*St. Pierre d l'air bienmécontent*" (St. Peter looks very cross), you'll be curtly told as we were: "*Il faut bien qu'il le soit, les gens sont si mauvais de nos jours*" (He must be so; people are so wicked nowadays). But we venture to say that the statue of St. Roch would puzzle more than one traveller, unacquainted with the Bollandists, or at least with Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. Slightly stooped, the saint carries the pilgrim's staff and gourd, while beside him is a dog with a very disproportioned loaf in his mouth. We permitted ourselves the curiosity of asking several questions from the passers-by, but we shall not give their local explanations. We prefer to allow our readers to follow us in spirit to the historic city of Clermont-Herault, where you will find a parish priest who may be fitly called a diminutive specimen of humanity. Notice him at the altar, and you perceive a head which would have been a study for Michael Angelo, and from beneath heavy eyelashes eyes brilliant with intelligence taking in the whole surroundings with a glance. Follow him thence, and if he proceed not directly to his study, await his return after one hour's excursion, and you will probably find him with some mouldy manuscript or a worm-eaten volume in hand, entirely oblivious of the passers-by who look somewhat amazed at such apparent forgetfulness of those about him. It is to this learned abbé that we must refer our readers for a full and exhaustive explanation of the life and miracles of the "ad-

mirable pilgrim of Montpellier." Naturally, in speaking of St. Roch, the author had to treat of pilgrims in general; of the history and character of pilgrimage, and of the part the Church took in such manifestations of external piety. For the present we must confine ourselves to the abbé's remarks upon the latter subject contained in the preface of his work. If in a rapid glance, and an imperfect epitome of the learned writer's introduction, we succeed in interesting the *Record* readers, we are sure that such as are so fortunate as to be even imperfectly acquainted with the "language of the courts," will manage to procure a copy of *L'Admirable Pelerin de Montpellier, St. Roch*, by L'Abbé J. E. Saumade. The subject is all the more interesting at the present moment, when the entire Christian world is turned towards Rome, whither tens of thousands are soon to flock to celebrate the semi-centenary of the Pontiff whose days have surpassed those of Peter, whose years already outnumber most of his predecessors, and whose glory already acquired, and to be further increased, consists in having seen all his persecutors one by one pass to their reckoning, many of them even in this life; while he still lives to face new enemies who tremble upon their usurped thrones; while in his spiritual dominion he points to increased honor paid to his divine prototype through the worship given the foster father and Immaculate Mother of the Divine Child.

We are constantly told that the world is growing more corrupt. 'Tis true, and yet at the sight of such manifestations as Christianity presents when devotion to the Holy Father is in question, we cannot refrain from saying, with the brilliant and epigrammatic author of *Lettres d'un Pasant*, "The spirit of sacrifice multiplies with the rapidity of the evil which calls for its manifestation." The great virtues present themselves to our admiration at the moment when vice in its worst form demands our execration. Charity moves on golden wing amid the havoc created by mutual jealousy; heroism opposes cowardice; and we hope for the many because of the virtue displayed by the few.

What M. Arthur de Boissen says of the world at large is equally true of those whose piety leads them to an open profession of faith in embracing an opportunity offered to join in a pilgrimage to Rome and the noted shrines, in the south of France. Their faith will console the Church and her Pontiff; their piety will draw untold blessings upon themselves and their country, and Catholicity will have once more shown her vitality, as well as her contempt of "what the world will say."

But we are deferring a pleasure our readers have a right to claim without further preface; let us then hear what the Abbé de Saumade has to say in reference to the "Pilgrims of the Olden Times."

The construction of a church in the middle ages was a work of faith and of devotion. However humble the Christian, he deemed it a duty, and claimed it as a privilege to bring his stone, to donate his quota of devotedness, and to co-operate in the common enterprise according to the measure of his means and of his strength. The ablest conceived the plans and harmonized those tracings whose nobility and purity are for the artist an object of increasing admiration. Some, more robust, raised the columns, and cast aloft those daring vaults which rise as the cry of supplication.

There were still others who devoted themselves, in the recesses of the new sanctuary, to a work apparently most obscure. For years they chiselled the outgrowing form of a favorite saint. Their whole ambition was to reproduce their patron in his supernatural and ravishing beauty.

"Such," adds our author, "is our task. Our blessed Roch in his holy but itinerant life is known only to God and his angels. Yet in his person we find what, in the language of the Christian world, was known as the *pelerin du bon Dieu* (the pilgrim of the good God)."

When a wayworn stranger with traveller's staff presents himself at the gates of our cities he is looked upon with curiosity, often with diffidence. His weatherbeaten features, his dusty clothes, covering a body bruised by the fatigues of a prolonged journey, create scarcely a passing feeling of compassion. How different would have been his reception in the Middle Ages! He would have been welcomed with marks of the most profound respect. Castle doors would have opened to receive him; princes and lords would have deemed it a species of felony to have refused him hospitality. Hailed by all, seated at the chaplain's table, he would have been considered as a heavenly messenger. This must not astonish us. Had not the Church first given the signal? Ever vigilant to protect generous ideas, she consecrated this respect for pilgrims, by her ordinances and her conduct; she surrounded their departure with most solemn ceremonies, which vividly impressed the surrounding multitudes gathered to bid their neighbor farewell.

When the bishop had permitted the pilgrims to make the proposed journey, they received the blessed gourd and pouch. The suzerain upon whom they depended gave them a passport or chart conceived in the following terms:

"To all the saints, our venerable brothers, to the kings, lords, bishops, counts, abbots, etc., and to Christians in general, in the cities as well as in the country, and in the monasteries. In the name of God we make it known to your lordship or to your holiness that our brother, the bearer of the present papers, has asked our permission to go peaceably in pilgrimage (here was inserted the name of the place to be visited), either to repair his faults or to pray for our preservation; hence we have issued the present certificate, in which we present you our salutations, and we beg you, for the love of God and of his apostle, St. Peter, to receive this our brother as your host, and to be of service to him, either in his outward or homeward journey, that he may return safely and unharmed to his fireside; and as is your custom, make him spend joyful days in your midst. May the God who reigns eternally protect and guide you to his kingdom. We salute you with the utmost cordiality." (Here followed the signature and seal.)

The pilgrim's parents, accompanied by the clergy of the parish, conducted him in procession, praying for and blessing him, to the limits of the territory in which he was born. Upon their return the same procession was formed to welcome him; pious hymns were sung in gratitude for his happy journey, and if the pilgrim was from the Holy Land he brought a palm-leaf from Jericho, as an emblem of his pilgrimage favorably accomplished. Thus elevated by the prayers and benedictions of the Church, the condition of pilgrims appeared august and honorable in the eyes of the people in the middle ages. They were objects of special honor; every cavalier and warrior considered it a duty to defend and protect them with the same courage as they manifested in asserting the rights of the widow and the orphan. In time of war these pilgrims were seen walking amid the contending camps fearless in the midst of clashing arms. Two intrepid bodies, the Hospitallers and the Templars, were created expressly to rally in their defence. The charity of the faithful became ingenious in allaying the fatigues of the route; kings, princes, rich lords, and opulent merchants vied with one another in the construction of hospitals where these pilgrims might find respose. Along the river borders, at the mountain summits, in desert places were such buildings to be found. The Count of Toulouse, Raymond IV, and William V, Lord of Montpellier, erected such in Syria,

and in this establishment Godefrid, Bishop of Maguelone, died in 1108.

In gratitude for the services rendered them, the pilgrims were asked to divide their only treasure, fervent prayer, with their generous benefactors. But the attention thus lavished upon the devout travellers did not end here. Certain cities had, by legislative enactment, given them the right of free passage across the seas. Marseilles is an example more generally known than others that might be cited. In the monasteries there was a religious appointed to receive and treat the pilgrim with the utmost courtesy. A feast was established in their honor, and in the city of Rouen this was celebrated with unusual solemnity. On the eve of the reception the Cathedral was gaily decorated; in the sanctuary was erected a vast and magnificent castle, representing the delicious sojourn of the disciples of Emmaus who enjoyed the conversation of their Divine Master. At the beginning of the office numerous clerics appeared in the garb of pilgrims. They ranged themselves about the celebrant, and recited certain psalms with him. Suddenly the latter arose, and hastily walking away, feigned to leave the church, while the assistants, hastening after him, pointed to the Castle of Emmaus, and cried out in a suppliant tone: "*Mane nobiscum, Domine.*" "Remain with us, Lord." In the person of those willing exiles, Christians beheld the living image of the Pilgrim who had not a stone whereon to lay his Divine Head. These were the successors of the apostles of the first bishop, who, according to St. Jerome, came from distant lands to visit the holy places. They were the forerunners of that immense gathering of crusaders who, at the words "God wills it," left house and home to rally in defence of the spots rendered sacred by the footsteps of the Man-God. They were encouraged by the example of St. Helena and Eudoxia; the former mother of Constantine the Great, the latter wife of Theodore the Younger. Porphyrus, Bishop of Gaza, made the pilgrimage in the fourth century; St. Antoninus in the seventh; St. Wallibrod in the eighth; the illustrious Bishop of Mayence, Rabanus Maur, in the ninth; the Monk Bernard, under the reign of Charles the Bald, and St. Fulcran in that of Hugh Capet. The Archbishop of Ravenna, the learned Gerbert, afterwards Pope under the name of Sylvester II, had drawn inspiration from the holy places in 998. Gunther, Bishop of Bamberg, and Sigefrid of Mayence, were seen performing a similar pilgrimage in 1064; in 1085 the Count of Flanders accompanied by Berenger, Count of Barcelona, and about the same period Peter the Hermit, to whose rude but overpowering eloquence Jerusalem was soon to owe its deliverance from Saracen thraldom. Later, the Countess Ida of Lorrain, and Sigur, prince of Norway (1110); St. Dominick and the Bishop of Osma are distinguished as hardy pilgrims, and in like company is found St. Bridget of Sweden, at the end of the twelfth century. In our own day, Benedict Joseph Labre, a willing wanderer, has been publicly honored by the Church, and may be taken as the patron of pilgrims.

When we recall that the love of Christ was the sole motive that led such illustrious persons to brave the seas and risk the dangers of unknown lands, we will easily conceive what the route they followed must have been. Similar to the Magi they seek the Saviour of the world, and have a special preference for Jerusalem and Rome. In Jerusalem they followed Christ dying to redeem them; in Rome they beheld the same Saviour living and glorious in the person of his vicar; in Jerusalem they beheld Christ, the Sun of eternal truth, disappearing amid the thick clouds of the sepulchre; in Rome the same Sun burst forth upon

their gaze in the person of Peter's successors. Thus they preserved a common love for the two cities so favored of God, and which have played so important a part in the redemption of the people.

It would be interesting to reproduce some passages from the recitals dating back as early as the fourth century; the naive expressions of surprise; the novelty of the sights presented to their observation would amuse as well as instruct. But when they came in sight of Rome or Jerusalem the tone of their recital changes, and from mere descriptions we find them lost in surprise and admiration. St. Jerome has written some of his most charming letters on this subject to Eustochium, when he tells how Paula was so desirous of visiting all the holy places, that her anxiety to behold what still remained unknown to her caused the illustrious pilgrim to tear herself away from the spots in which she already took such pleasure.

Others came to the Holy Land with the fond hope that they might be called thence to their eternal reward. Raoul Glaber has preserved the narrative of one whose desire was realized. In the year 1012 a Burgundian pilgrim of the diocese of Autun, named Lethbald, came to Palestine. After having visited several places he came to the Mount whence our Lord had ascended into heaven. There, prostrate on the ground, with arms outstretched, he fell into what seemed a profound ecstasy. Afterwards he exclaimed, "Lord, if I am to die this year, I beseech thy infinite mercy to grant me the favor of closing my career within sight of this holy Mount." Having thus prayed he returned to his inn. When the hour had arrived his companions seated themselves to dine, and noticing their friend's absence, called him to join their party. He had already fallen into a deep sleep, and when his companions entered his room he appeared in the enjoyment of a heavenly vision, and cried out: "Glory to thee, O my God; glory be to thee." He refused to partake of any nourishment, but asked to receive the holy viaticum, after which, without effort, he slept gently in the Lord.

Those who, unlike the Burgundian pilgrim, did not receive the favor of breathing their last in Jerusalem, could tear themselves from the scenes that surrounded them, only by the thought that they had still to visit the new Jerusalem, whither the glory of the olden had taken flight, and where reality replaced accomplished figures. They approached the Eternal City amid singing of psalms, having for their sole defence the sign of the cross conspicuous upon their breasts, and as guides none save their guardian angels.

When their long-desired city appeared in the distance, a hymn of praise involuntarily escaped their lips, and they exclaimed:

"O Roma nobilis
Cunctarum urbium
Roseo martyrum
Albis et virginum
Salutem dicimus
Te benedicimus."
* * *

"O Rome, city most noble because of the blood of thy martyrs and of the dazzling sincerity of thy virgins, O Rome, I salute and bless thee!"

The full text of this pilgrims' hymn may be found in Hurter's *Tableau des institutions de l'Eglise au moyen âge*, tom. 3.

Upon leaving Rome the pilgrims were careful to procure some of the many precious relics in which the city abounds. These treasures were bestowed upon the various churches, and princes swore upon these relics to be faithful to their stipulated treaties. Hurter informs us in his work above quoted, that princes and grandees undertook the voyage to Palestine in the hope of returning laden with precious relics. Bishops procured these for their churches, and gave some to the convents that

offered them hospitality during their journeys. Some went even so far as to use pious fraud in procuring these coveted treasures. Butler's *Lives of the Saints* contains more than one such example.

It was a common practice among pious parents to vow that their children should make a pilgrimage at a given age. The latter held no duty more sacred than to realize these intentions.

The Church also imposed pilgrimages as a penance upon those who had rendered themselves guilty of certain crimes. These peregrinations replaced the ecclesiastical penalties which the altered character of society no longer rendered practicable. If the fault were light, the culprit visited some noted shrine in the neighborhood of his home; if of a grievous character, he went to Rome and Jerusalem. Whatever might be his rank, he was obliged to bear chains, to cover his head with ashes, and to imitate the erratic life of Cain, the first of malefactors. This penance was considered sufficiently onerous to cancel the greatest crimes; and if we recall the dangers which such pilgrims braved, we will easily conceive the value placed upon their devotion. Many pilgrims fell victims to Mussulman cruelty, being treated as slaves, cast into bondage, whence they were released only by some religious bearing the ransom he had collected from princes and wealthy citizens. Others arrived as far as the gates of Jerusalem, but found them closed. To pass the threshold a sum of gold was demanded, and the pilgrims were so poor, or had been so generally despoiled on the road, that they were constrained to linger almost within sight of the holy places they so longed to behold. Hurter relates that in 1065, of 7000 pilgrims who left Germany, only 2000 returned; the others had perished from privation or by the sword.

An enterprise so filled with danger was, as we have already remarked, often imposed upon noted culprits. Thus in 868, a Breton named Fromond, who had killed his uncle and the youngest of his brothers, was condemned to make this pilgrimage three times. In 1075, the prefect Cencius, who had attempted the life of St. Gregory VII, came to the Holy Land to expiate his crime. The father of William the Conqueror accomplished this penance in the beginning of the eleventh century. At this epoch Count Foulques, of Anjou, took the habit of a pilgrim to expiate the violent death of his first spouse and the murder of several of his subjects. He repaired to Jerusalem, the streets of which he travelled through, with a rope about his neck, while his servants scourged him with lashes, during which humiliating ceremony he exclaimed: "Lord! have pity upon an unfaithful, a perjured Christian; pity a sinner who wanders far from his native land." Thus beside the tomb of Christ met the sinner and the just, innocence and repentance.

Yet we must not believe that all pilgrims are animated by such noble sentiments. A historian, Jacques de Vitry, relates that many came to Palestine only to realize commercial speculations. They came to purchase the wine of Gaza, greatly prized at the French court. Others speculated in the silks and precious stones of the East. Fleury tells us that others were enticed to undertake the journey by the desire of seeing new countries. Certain monks thus escaped the rigid discipline of the cloister, while others wished to evade the every-day duties of domestic life. Ignorant persons also supposed that such a journey sufficed, in itself, to procure them an assured entrance to eternal life. It was to these that St. Augustine replied: "*Do not propose such voyages; we go to Jesus Christ by loving him, not by navigating.*" These exaggerations were severely condemned by the Church.

Through her bishops and her councils she protested against the abuses which had crept into pilgrimages as into every other human undertaking. The few exceptions named by Jean de Vitry only serve to prove the generally edifying manner, and the thoroughly Christian spirit, in which most pilgrims fulfilled their self-imposed obligations.

The benefits arising from these pilgrimages must not be overlooked. They served to diffuse knowledge, literary and scientific. Geography was particularly indebted to the pilgrims for important information. John Gilmary Shea, in his admirable paper, "What the Catholic Church has done for the Science of Geography," published in a late number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, proves this so conclusively that we must refer the inquisitive reader to that carefully prepared *résumé* of facts and figures. Hospitals were erected, routes traced, numerous bridges spanned the rivers and ravines. During two centuries, as Monteil relates, pilgrims transmitted dispatches to all parts of the world, and thus established a reliable though imperfect postal service.

When these pilgrims met from the four quarters of the globe, there was another proof given of the Catholicity of the Church; their sacrifices made in the performance of such difficult journeys proved that the Church was holy; the common prayer, the union of sentiment prevailing among these strangers, for the first time met, showed conclusively that the Church was one, while the letters they bore from their different bishops proved that their common mother was apostolic.

With such antecedents, the pilgrims of to-day justly claim that history approves what the Catholic Church encourages. They who go to Rome have been preceded by Charlemagne. St. Louis, of France, has shown the way to the Holy Land; the hundreds of thousands who propose to visit Lourdes know that the mother honored there has been crowned by the infallible Pontiff who declared her immaculate; and what more consoling journey than to pass a few hours in fervent prayer at Paray-le-Monial, where Christ invites his children to worship "that Sacred Heart which has loved men so much."

The secular press may sneer at "the revival of mediæval superstition and this renewal of priestcraft," but Catholics will receive such tirades at their proper valuation, bearing in mind that "The wisdom of the world is folly with God."

AT VALENTANO, 1867.

Another story yet, Adéodat?
What shall it be, I wonder? Something true,
You say, and something I have seen myself.
Why, child, my life has been a quiet one,
Not much worth telling in it—only just
When I was fighting for the Santo Padre.
So, that is what you like the best of all,
What you would like to do yourself, to fight
And die for Pio Nono? So he said,
Our brave young captain, and your namesake too,
And truly I believe that he was given
By God to be a blessing to us all.
So brave, so modest, reckless of his life,
Something too much, they said; but ever mindful
Of all besides; the first to do and dare,
The last to speak, so that perhaps his words,
When they did come, were all the more remembered;
And those who knew him best had heard him say,
It was his wish, if God so pleased, to die,
While young, a soldier's death—he had his wish.

* * * * *

We had fought hard that day at Valentano,
And all of us, the captain at our head,
Had washed away our sins in Jesu's blood,
And, strengthened by his body, gone to battle.
One had hung back a little, a poor boy
Of eighteen summers, from the captain's country,
Franche Comté: "Why, you see, *mon capitaine*,
It is not long since I confessed, and this
Will not be much of an affair. I hope
To follow you in many a harder fight
Than this will be." "No matter about that—
Follow me *now*," said our Adéodat,
"Both you and I shall fight the better, Léon;
And think, would not your mother tell you so?"
It was enough—the captain had his way.

* * * * *

The work was sharper than young Léon thought,
And many a one who fell thanked God, I know,
That he had made his peace with him. I saw
The captain raise his arm, and with his sabre
He signed the cross, shouted "*In Nomine.*"

No more: the Garibaldians rushed upon us,
From where they lay in ambush, and he fell,
Pierced by their bayonets.

* * * * *

The hospital
Was nearly dark that evening when I went
For a last look, perhaps for a last word,
From our Adéodat. The floor was wet
And slippery with blood, the flickering lamp
Showed faces—some such young ones!—all convulsed
With the last agony, and some were calm
And fixed forever in the peace of death.
And there were stifled cries of pain, and names
Of far-off loved ones; broken words of prayer—
Thank God, no curses; and the white *cornette*,
So dear a sight to dying soldier's eyes,
And the priest speaking the absolving words,
And bidding the brave Christian soul depart
In Jesu's name.

At last I saw the face
I sought for. It was very calm and white,
And the dark mustache made it whiter still:
Less grave by far than when in life. I wished
His mother could have seen the smile it wore.

* * * * *

Once more I passed between the ghastly rows
Of dead and dying. I had reached the door
Just as a man, wounded to death, was brought
Upon a litter. "Lay him down," they said,
"He has not many minutes more to live,
And he knows no one—let him die in peace."
"Léon, *mon garcon!*" But his ears and eyes
Were closed to sights and sounds of earth. I knelt
And prayed beside him waiting for the end.
Then, suddenly, he lifted up his hands,
And all his face flashed into light and life,
And in a clear loud voice he cried: "*Je vois*
Le capitaine, mon capitaine, je viens!"
"Poor lad!" they said, "he raves of Valentano,
And his last charge;" but I—I think not so.
I think that he, who on that battle-eve
Prayed him so earnestly to follow him
Up to the altar, had for the last time
Bade his boy-comrade follow where he led,
Through the dark valley, to the feet of God.

LACORDAIRE.

JEAN BAPTISTE HENRI LACORDAIRE, the son of a village doctor, was born at Recey-sur-Ource, in Burgundy, in May, 1802, the year in which the free exercise of the Catholic religion was again allowed in France, under the auspices of Napoleon. When we say that his father was a village doctor, we ought to add that he was so by choice rather than by necessity: for he was a man of cultivation and of considerable mental gifts, who deliberately preferred a quiet country life to the distinction and affluence which he might have obtained if he had migrated to some great provincial town or to Paris. He had a sort of native eloquence of his own, which made him the centre of the circle whenever he chose to put out his powers of conversation. This gift his son Henri inherited from him, as well as his love for the country and his intellectual vigor and force. Nicolas Lacordaire, we are also told, was eminently charitable to the poor; a strong liberal in political opinions, but religious, and generous to those from whom he differed. Thus, before the First Consul made it lawful for the Catholic priests to exercise the duties of their sacred ministry, he had sheltered in his house the proscribed curé of the parish, and allowed him to turn one of the rooms into a private chapel, where Mass was said and the sacraments administered. This good man died in 1806, leaving his widow to bring up his four children. Madame Lacordaire was a woman of strong character, simple and regular in her habits, strict, austere, very pious, and of an inflexible will. Henri, who resembled his father very much, was her favorite child. He was a sweet, engaging boy, grave and quiet, but with much of fire and spirit, and some petulance. In his earliest years he used to "play at being priest," going through the ceremonies of Mass with his brothers to serve him, and preaching long and earnest sermons to his nurse. At eight years of age he was known to stand at a window reading Bourdaloue aloud to the passers-by, with gestures and action caught from the preachers whom he had chanced to hear.

He was sent to school at six, and has left an account of his early impressions, as well as of his first confession. He passed to the "lyceum," at Dijon, his mother's native town, at ten: two years later he made his first communion, which seems also, for many years, to have been his last. The spirit of the lyceum was entirely against the faith. Henri Lacordaire fell in with the stream; and that he should have done so, as it seems, almost without a struggle, is enough to show the powerful contagiousness of evil when dominant in such places. His later years at this lyceum were marked by considerable success in his studies; he was looked upon as the most distinguished and most promising of the pupils. From the lyceum he passed to the Ecole de Droit, then attended by about two hundred students, very few of them professing Christianity; there he became a leader in a small society, made up of the best students, in which debates were carried on, and papers occasionally read, on a great variety of questions, historical, philosophical, and religious. This society was the scene of some of his earliest oratorical triumphs. His religious faith had died down from want of sympathy, support, and exercise, and under the baneful influence of an atmosphere of thought and opinion thoroughly poisoned by the literature of the eighteenth century. But he had still a great admi-

ration of the Gospel and its ministers; he was no scoffer; and his serious and industrious character saved him from many a danger into which he might have fallen had he been more inclined to frivolity and pleasure.

His next step was to Paris, at the age of twenty, for the purpose of following up the earlier stages of the ordinary career of an advocate. Here he might have been expected to fall under the fascinations of gayety and dissipation, or, if he were singularly fortunate, under the wholesome influence of some older and more enlightened mind, which might have led him back to the practice of the religion which he had abandoned. Strange to say, neither of these things happened to Lacordaire. He had but few friends in Paris: he seems to have been introduced to some young men of his own age, Catholics and Bourbonists, in the hope of changing the liberal opinions which he had already imbibed in politics as well as in religion; but their influence seems to have been small. On the other hand, he was too simple, too serious, too fond of study and retirement, to fall in with the gay world. He began to read and think and meditate; and after a couple of years spent in Paris, during which he made his first appearance as a barrister with much success, we find him avowing that he was drawn more and more towards the faith of his younger and happier days. It is true that he was introduced to one who was afterwards one of his fellow-workers in the *Avenir*, the Abbé Gerbet, and that through him,—for whom he contracted a sincere and lasting friendship,—he made the acquaintance of many priests and missionaries then in Paris. M. Berryer, even then in the first rank of French advocates, noticed him, and predicted that he had a most brilliant career before him, if he could but overcome that fatal fluency which has been the ruin of so many promising speakers. But, in fact, he was soon wearied of the bar and of the world, without having fully tasted success and triumph in either. Society and its ordinary pleasures did not attract him; he had something of the melancholy of genius about him, and still more of the thirst for better things, which is a gift of predestinated souls. He felt himself becoming daily more and more a Christian. But this change seems to have been the work of no external human agency. He was neither driven back to the Church by the miseries of a soul steeped in sin, and forced by its own wretchedness to the only haven of peace and comfort; nor was his mind or his heart mastered by the personal kindness or intellectual power of some of the many "fathers of souls" whom he might have come across in Paris. His own reflections, under Divine grace, were the means of his conversion; and it is remarkable that he was brought round to Christianity by considerations which he thus earned the right and the power of impressing with so much force upon others. "I had grown up for nine years in incredulity," he writes, "when I heard the voice of God recalling me to himself. If I search the depths of my memory for the logical causes of my conversion, I find none but the historical and social evidences of Christianity. These evidences impressed themselves on me from the time at which my age allowed me to get rid of the doubts which I had drawn in with the very air that I breathed in the University."* He adds in the same place that he names the atmosphere of the University as the cause of his having doubted about religion, because he owes it to the memory of his father and the love of his mother (then still alive) to declare that from them he had received religion along with life. He thus summed up his argument, at the time of his conversion, in a letter to a

* Considerations sur la Système Philosophique de M. de la Mennais, ch. x.

friend: "I have come to believe in Catholicism by means of my belief as to society. At present nothing appears to me to be more clearly demonstrated than this deduction—'Society is necessary, therefore the Christian religion is divine.' For the Christian religion is the means for bringing society to its perfection, taking man with all his weaknesses, and the social order with all its conditions." The great question of the day in France was social. The great revolution had shattered the whole system of society, and had given birth to nothing stable or tolerable in its place. Paris and France were full of men who were trying in their various ways to think out the problem of a new basis for society, and a new order of things, in which man was to forget that his nature was fallen, and virtue and happiness were to bloom as in paradise. Unfortunately, these schemers always began by ignoring revelation and the actual facts of human nature, and by despising the Church. Lacordaire had the grace given to him to reason more humbly, more patiently, and so more wisely and more truly. He was led by the consideration of the needs of society to the acknowledgment of the marvellous provision made for those needs in the supernatural institution of the Catholic Church. Possibly this might not have been enough to make him a Christian, if he had never been one; as it was, it set his mind in harmony with his heart, and threw him back without any remaining doubts on the religion which had been the delight of his youth. It fitted him, moreover, for his future apostolate to those who felt the difficulties which he had had the grace to overcome.

Lacordaire was never anything by halves. He ran through, in fact, all the stages of self-devotion, for he ended in being a religious; and we find him, as soon as ever his "conversion" was accomplished, knocking at the doors of the ecclesiastical seminary of St. Sulpice. . . . He has left us a description of his first sermon in the refectory. A refectory may seem to the uninitiated an unusual place for a sermon; but it is the custom at St. Sulpice, and elsewhere, for the students to preach in their turns to the community while at dinner. "I have preached," he says to a friend, "that is, in a refectory, in which a hundred and twenty persons were eating: I made my voice heard through the noise of plates, spoons, and all the rest. No position, I think, can be more unfavorable for an orator than to speak to people while eating; and Cicero would never have pronounced his Catilinarians at a senatorial dinner, at least unless he had made the forks drop from their hands at the first sentence. What would he have done if he had had to speak to them about the mystery of the Incarnation! This is what I had to do, notwithstanding; and I must confess that at the air of indifference that reigned in their countenances, at the sight of so many men who seemed not to be listening, but to have their whole attention concentrated on their plates, it often came into my head to throw my cap at their heads."

All this time Lacordaire's mind was hesitating between two careers. He had a great drawing towards poverty and obedience, and it was clear that the ordinary life of a parish priest would hardly suit him. At the same time he was full of ardor to devote himself for the salvation of souls; and it was a fixed principle with him that those who are to succeed in conversions must give great and clear pledges of their own conviction of the truth of that which they preach. He saw this kind of pledge in the surrender which missioners to foreign nations make of their home and country; and he was thus led to think of the foreign missions. His inclinations were only ripened when he found that there was some hesitation as to presenting

him for ordination at the usual time. He began to think of what was, it seems, almost the only religious body open to him in France at the time—the Society of Jesus; into which Father de Ravignan, who had, like him, left the legal profession to enter the Seminary, had shortly before passed. But his perseverance removed all obstacles from his Superiors, and Monseigneur de Quelen ordained him priest in September, 1827. Just at this time, as it afterwards appeared, he refused an appointment which would, in the ordinary course of things, have led him to the highest honors in the Church. The post of Auditor of the Rota at Rome was vacant by the nomination of Monseigneur Isoard to the Archbishopric of Auch. It required a peculiar combination of qualifications, and they seemed to meet in Lacordaire. It was offered to him, but he declined; giving as a reason his design of becoming a religious—which appears, therefore, to have been sufficiently matured even at the outset of his priestly life. Many years were yet to pass before he executed this design; many even before he was to discover himself as a great preacher, while still a secular priest.

His first employment was humble and very quiet, though it appears that he was offered posts both at St. Sulpice and the Madeleine. But he never had any real taste for the life of a parish priest. He was appointed chaplain to a convent of Nuns of the Visitation. He had to say Mass, hear the confessions of some girls brought up in a pension-school under the charge of the nuns, and give them catechetical instructions. He was thought "rather too metaphysical" by the good nuns who "superintended" these instructions. He spent his spare time in study; and there can be no doubt that these quiet months were of great service to him afterwards, when he had all Paris around his pulpit to listen to his *Conférences de Notre Dame*. At the close of 1828 he was appointed assistant-chaplain at the Collége Henri IV, where his duties were much the same as at the convent, except that he had young boys to deal with. It was a government college, and he was far from satisfied with the state of things he found in it. Some of his friends pressed him to write, but he preferred storing his mind by study. At this time he conceived the plan of a new defence of Christianity, suggested to him by the works of the Fathers. Soon after this, also, he made the acquaintance of M. de la Mennais, with whose name his own was afterwards to be so curiously connected, viz., as writers, together with Abbé Gerbet and Montalembert, in the *Avenir*, a journal which advocated the rights of the Church, but which was considered too independent and liberal by many persons.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the *Avenir* was received by a party both among the clergy and the Cathotic laity of France, it was impossible that its conductors should succeed in carrying with them the whole of the Catholic body. They put forward many truths and just principles in a striking and earnest manner; but they mingled with them many exaggerations and not a few false doctrines. They were looked upon, therefore, with as much dislike and suspicion by the bishops and the bulk of the clergy as by the authorities of the University and the ministers of Louis Philippe. Moreover, funds began to fail, partly from the great expenses of the journal, which had no very large circulation, partly from the cost of government prosecutions and vexatious lawsuits. Accordingly, after rather more than a year's life, the *Avenir* was suspended.

Lacordaire visited Rome in order to obtain the decision of the Holy See on the doctrines of the *Avenir*. He caught from the air of the Holy City, if he had not brought it with him from France, the true

Catholic instinct of childlike obedience and loving submission to the slightest intimation of the mind of the successor of St. Peter. He saw at once that their doctrines were not approved of, and that it would be undutiful either to insist on a more formal declaration if it was thought desirable to abstain from giving one, or to think of reviving the policy and doctrines of the *Avenir*. He imbibed a true love and veneration for Rome; and we shall find him returning thither again and again, and making it the starting-place of his great scheme for the restoration of the Dominican Order in France. No doubt Rome is a place where questions may sometimes take a long time to answer, even questions of that rare sort which is not best dealt with by delay. Perhaps for men in Lacordaire's position the very best thing that could be recommended would often be to go to Rome and to have to wait there for an answer; and, meanwhile, to drink in the spirit of the place by visiting the shrines of the saints, and meditating amid the thousand monuments of the past. M. de la Mennais, on the other hand, the elder and more experienced priest, the man whose fame was already European, and who was at one time thought to have been destined for the Cardinalate, was unable to see the simple wisdom and the plain duty of leaving the Holy See to discharge its own functions in its own way, and of accepting heartily even the decision most adverse to his own wishes.

When the doctrines of the *Avenir* were condemned by the Encyclical Letter of Pope Gregory XVI, M. de la Mennais refused to submit, but Montalembert and Lacordaire gladly submitted to the decision of the Holy See. M. de Montalembert has himself informed us, that it was mainly by the instrumentality of Lacordaire that he was himself saved from casting in his lot with De la Mennais. M. de Montalembert passed into Germany; it was in that journey that he came upon the tomb of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and imbibed the devotion to that saint which produced his beautiful life of her. M. de la Mennais pursued him with letters, exhorting him to maintain what he called his "independence as a layman" from the decisions of the Vatican. Lacordaire wrote also frequently, and even followed his friend into Germany to reason with him. He seems to have had some difficulty in persuading him that he had not himself been wanting in faith to their liberal principles by his public separation from De la Mennais. M. de Montalembert, meantime, earnestly entreated the latter to be silent and patient. In his memoir of Lacordaire he has spoken with the tenderest gratitude of the unwearied charity which he experienced from him.

Lacordaire then betook himself to Paris, and presented himself once more to the Archbishop. Monseigneur de Quelen at once reinstated him in his former post at the Convent of the Visitation. Here he remained, for at least a year, in profound retirement, studying and praying, and so preparing himself afresh for the Apostolate which he was afterwards to receive. He had received some rude shocks since he left that quiet retreat, and he gave himself now, not without a touch of melancholy and even of disappointment, to solitude and inaction. It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Madame Swetchine; a character admirably suited to comfort, elevate, and influence him for good, watchful and tender as a mother, full of good sense as well as devotion, and able by her experience of life and knowledge of men to put a rein, all the more effectual because it was hardly felt, upon his impetuosity. Their intimacy continued until her death, and on many occasions she became a kind of conscience to him; for Lacordaire was one of those noble

and vigorous souls who know the secret wisdom of asking freely and taking readily the opinion of others. About a year after his return to Paris from Brittany, he came forth at last as a successful preacher. He had already declined a professorship at the Catholic University of Louvain, and had also refused to take part again in the management of a religious newspaper.

Lacordaire was finally appointed to the pulpit of Notre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris, and commenced his famous conferences. They had been organized with a view to the benefit of the large class of young students always to be found in Paris; but hitherto their success had not been very great, though many of the preachers had been distinguished men. Perhaps the plan that had been followed, of frequent changes in the preacher, had to some extent prevented their having the commanding attractions and influence which they attained in the hands of Lacordaire. The leader of the band of petitioners to the Archbishop to appoint Lacordaire, was Frederic Ozanam, whose name is one of the glories of the generation to which he belonged. With a handful of associates, young students like himself, he had begun the great Society of St. Vincent of Paul, a work sufficient to earn him the gratitude of all Catholics, even if he had not afterwards rendered important services to Christian literature. This band of companions formed the nucleus of the vast audience which assembled in Notre Dame to greet the orator who had already made himself so famous at the Collége Stanislas. An immense crowd of all that was most cultivated and thoughtful in Paris, Deists and freethinkers as well as Catholics, were drawn by the irresistible though secret influence of the genius which had now at last found the mode and the place destined by Providence for its utterances, and made itself master of the minds and hearts of its listeners in the first few sentences of the opening conference, because it spoke under the blessing and with the authority of the Church, to which its services were vowed with rare singleness and devotion. The humiliations of the Seminary, the priestly consecration, the long silent studies at the Visitandines, the experience of political agitation which had driven him back to the interior life of a minister of the altar, the conflicts with himself which had issued in so glorious a submission to the adverse decision of Rome, the transforming and elevating influences of the Holy City, all these had had a share in the gradual preparation and training of one on whom the Archbishop, who had so long hesitated to trust him fully, bestowed publicly, after his second course of *Conférences*, the title of "the new prophet." Nature had done much for him, study much, and grace much more; and when he found himself for the first time looking down on a sea of thousands of eager faces, in the great Cathedral of Paris, to speak of the subject on which he had so long pondered in the way for which he felt himself most fit, the last element of the success of the great orator was added to him in the inspiration which comes from that most powerful challenge which can be given to one who feels himself full of a divine message,—the presence and attention of a mighty multitude of souls.

He had once been in the same position with the majority of the vast crowd of men of every age, every rank, every profession, who were listening to him; and he was consumed by the desire of an apostle's heart, burning to impart to his brethren the light and grace which had been shed upon his own soul. When in the first and second series of his Conferences, preached in 1835 and 1836, he set before them the necessity and the characteristics of the

Church, and the nature and sources of her doctrine in general, he not only spoke of the grandest and most touching subject on which human eloquence can be employed, grandest, because it deals with the whole range of God's noblest works, and most touching, because it embraces the infinite condescension and tenderness with which he has furnished a balm and a medicine for every one of the ills of humanity; but he spoke also with the deep feeling of one who had been saved from that state of intellectual darkness and pride from which so many of his audience were struggling to escape, and from which it was his mission to deliver them. Even if Lacordaire had not possessed that great oratorical power with which he was undoubtedly endowed as few men of modern times have been endowed, still the depth of his conviction and the intensity of his earnestness could hardly have failed to have conquered his audience, allied as they were to that mastery of his particular subject which long study and thought had given him. As was the case with Father de Ravignan after him, he himself was a great part of his argument. The *Conférences de Notre Dame*, considered as specimens of oratory, are far too brilliant and too grand to need any considerations of this sort in order that their readers may be able to understand the effect they produced upon those who heard them. But it is simply the truth that in this case, as in others like it, it was the man who spoke that made what he said irresistible; because he first made himself one with those whom he addressed, sharing their thoughts, their feelings, their noblest aspirations and most passionate enthusiasms, elevating and gilding them with light by the freshness and beauty with which his eloquence clothed them; and when he had thus taken up his hearers as it were into his own heart, he swept them along the course of that clear and majestic stream of reasoning which had landed him, before them, on the shores of eternal peace, at the foot of the throne of truth.

It was afterwards said that these Conferences converted no one. Lacordaire always professed that his object had been to prepare men's minds for faith, rather than to lead them on at once to full Christian practice; but it has been well remarked by his latest biographer,* that if all those who have in reality been led back to the practice of their religion by his preaching were to rise up and protest against the assertion of its sterility, then would soon be seen how easy everything else becomes for certain minds, when the intellectual clouds which hang over them have been removed. The state of society in Paris, and of the intelligent and educated classes in particular, was such in 1835, that the Christian religion and the Catholic Church required to be set before the public mind in grand and imposing outline in order to engage consideration and attention first, examination and affection afterwards; and the reaction which has led to the present comparative respect in which religion is held in France among certain classes can hardly be dated with greater accuracy from any single point than from the opening Conferences of Lacordaire. His triumph continued without any signs of interruption or relaxation for two years, when it suddenly ceased for a while, not in consequence of any withdrawal of confidence from him on the part of the Archbishop, nor on account of the opposition which haunted his success like a shadow—always using against him that connection with the *Avenir* and De la Mennais, which he had so nobly renounced and redeemed—but because he alone, as it would seem, among all interested in the matter, felt that he was too weak and too unripe as yet for the mighty task

* Chocarne, Vie intime et religieuse du R. P. H. Lacordaire, p. 175.

which had been imposed upon him. The attacks made on him may have counted for something in this decision, for he seems to have been always sensitive. But his true motive seems to have been a desire to fortify himself yet more by study and solitude; and it is not unlikely that the wish to be a religious, which we have noticed so early in his ecclesiastical career, was now more powerfully than ever at work in his heart. At all events, without apparent reason, he resigned his pulpit at the end of the Lent of 1836. "I leave," he said, "in the hands of my bishop this pulpit of Notre Dame, henceforth founded, founded by him and by you, the pastor and the people. For a moment your united suffrage has shone upon my head. Suffer me to lay it aside of myself; suffer me to find myself once more alone for some time, in the presence of my own weakness and of my God." In a few weeks he was again on his way to Rome.

Lacordaire's second journey to Rome, and his occupations in the Holy City, are related for us by himself in his letters to Madame Swetchine. It appears that that prudent and valued friend hardly understood his motives in retiring so suddenly from the great position which he had gained by his Conferences in Paris; and it is possible that the idea which in the end took possession of him, that it was his vocation to become a Dominican friar, and restore the Order in France, was one which he instinctively kept to himself in his intercourse with her. At all events, we find no mention of its growth in his mind in these letters; though, from the memoirs dictated by Lacordaire shortly before his death, it appears that it was long and anxiously pondered and debated with himself.

He arrived in Rome towards the end of May, 1836. It was the eve of Pentecost, and he hastened at once from his inn to pray at the shrine of St. Peter. A few more days saw him settled in a lodging in the Via di S. Nicolo ai Cesarini, not far from the Gesù, at which church he always said Mass. He gives a glowing account of his cordial reception by Gregory XVI, and counts it as one of the chief points that he has gained, that he was on the most friendly and intimate terms with the Jesuits. They placed their library at his disposal, and brought him themselves the books which he wanted. Père Villefort he chose as his confessor, and Père Rozaven—of whom Mgr. Dupanloup afterwards said, that since Bossuet, the French Church had never possessed a more consummate theologian than him—took him cordially by the hand. He studied the work of Petavius with avidity,—"Ouvrage très-estimé," he says, "qui résume toute la théologie des Pères de l'Eglise, et qui tient lieu d'un masse effrayante de lectures." He found there many confirmations of thoughts which had been in a manner instinctive to him, as well as much that enlarged with new revelations his theological ideas. He speaks with delight of his visits to some of the shrines in the neighborhood of Rome, the Madonna of Genazzano, and the spots consecrated by the memory of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica at Subiaco. Tivoli pleased him but little; and his enthusiasm was reserved especially for the Campagna, over which he loved to roam alone. He seems to have lived in great retirement; but he went to Rome quite at the end of the season for visitors, and his earliest letters were written in the months in which every one who can be absent from the city leaves it. He made, however, one or two useful acquaintances. M. Blondel van Culenbræck, the Belgian Chargé d'Affaires, introduced him to Mgr. Capaccini, *Sostituto* of the Secretary of State, from whom he always received great kindness and assistance. He was of course already known to Cardinal Lambruschini.

His letters speak of remaining in Italy for a number of years, and devoting himself to writing. There was an idea of his being permanently fixed at St. Louis des Français, where he accepted a lodging for the latter months of his stay; but he declined the chaplaincy when offered him. An invitation to preach at Metz during the ensuing winter (1837–38) determined him to leave Rome in the autumn, after he had delayed his departure for some weeks in order to be of some service during the ravages of the cholera, which broke out there in September. He succeeded wonderfully at Metz, and was besieged by applications from the bishops and archbishops of other great towns in France. His letters to Madame Swetchine mention these, and even speak of his plan of preaching *Conférences* in the provinces. "La France est grande, les besoins sont immenses: pourquoi renoncer à tout parceque Paris m'est fermé? Ailleurs, je n'aurais plus les journaux *ni cette coterie persécutrice* qui a son siége dans la capitale." But, in reality, he carried with him from Rome the resolution to the execution of which the remainder of his life was to be devoted, though it was not to prevent him from carrying on in Notre Dame the *Conférences* which he had so successfully begun. The *Lettre sur le Saint-Siége* concludes with a fine passage, which shows that Lacordaire looked upon the freedom of association in religious communities, not only as an object most earnestly to be desired by those who were contending for the emancipation of the Church from the bonds which the secular power had imposed upon her, but also as a right, the unrestrained use of which would be the source of unnumbered benefits to society and to religion. In the Memoirs to which we have before referred as dictated by him in the last weeks of his life, he draws out the line of thought which haunted him during the year and some months which he had now spent in Rome. He found himself, in his thirty-fourth year, with no fixed career as yet before him, and with a sense of unfitness for the ordinary life of a parish priest in France. Rome spoke to him of the religious Orders which had either risen from her soil or derived their strength and permanence from her sanction and blessing; and he saw that no need was more pressing on the Church in his day than their restoration in the many countries in which they had lately been destroyed. Could he not be the instrument of their revival in France? The idea of forfeiting his own independence alarmed him; the difficulty of gathering and keeping together men fit for such a work frightened and appalled him. There were particular obstacles in the way in France, where the Government had a practical veto on all associations of every kind, and showed itself entirely hostile to the revival of monasticism. The Jesuits were barely tolerated, because they had been in existence in France since the restoration of their society; if he could have looked on a few years, he would have seen the ministry of M. Guizot joining in the attack made on them by the enemies of all religion, and intriguing at Rome for their suppression. The grave injustice of thus practically forbidding Christians to follow the instinct of perfection—so forcibly pointed out, on the occasion just mentioned, by Father de Ravignan—was probably a motive in the mind of Lacordaire for attempting the correction of this abuse of political power. He was far too deeply religious at heart not to feel his own weakness for so great an undertaking, and too sensible not to understand its immense difficulties.

When he afterwards said that he rested his cause on "Rome and public opinion," he expressed the same sentiment, completing it by

the addition which every loyal Catholic knows to be necessary. There can be little doubt that when he speaks of the undertaking as a great sacrifice, he by no means overstated the fact. He was half way between thirty and forty; he had always been his own master; he had passed the time when enthusiasm veils from the mind the difficulties of works which require the most assiduous and persevering labor long after the excitement of their first beginnings has faded away; he was fond of solitude, and shrank from responsibility; and though he had tasted success and triumph in his efforts for good, the cup had not been without its mixture of vinegar and gall. His reputation and position were already made; why should he throw himself away on an uncertain, and, as it would seem, a Quixotic enterprise? Here again we trace the solid work of grace, the docility of a noble mind to an inspiration from on high, whispered into his soul now more forcibly than ever in that air of Rome, haunted by the grandest examples and the loftiest thoughts to which the children of the Catholic Church are heirs.

During the winter which he spent in France, on account of his course of preaching at Metz, he found no encouragement from his friends. Madame Swetchine, prudent, and endowed with many exquisite instincts, confined herself to an abstinence from opposition. The correspondence between them shows that she had learned by this time that, though she might help her friend to steer clear of rocks, she could not direct or give the impulse to his course. Every one else treated this idea of Lacordaire's as an absurdity; all the more because he had fixed on the Order of St. Dominic as that which he would endeavor to resuscitate. He had, in fact, but little choice. Most wisely, he rejected the idea of founding an order of his own. He did not feel in himself any of the qualities required for the extremely arduous task of a Founder. That being settled, he almost of necessity fell back on the grand Institute of St. Dominic, the glory of the Church during so many centuries, the parent of so many saints, renowned for so many of the noblest achievements of Catholic thought and learning, laden with names mighty in the schools, in the pulpit, in the contest with heretics and the conversion of unbelievers in every quarter of the globe, the home of piety as well as theology, of the purest Christian art, the noblest devotional poetry, and crowned, as but one or two religious orders besides itself have ever been crowned, alike by the admiration and gratitude of the children of the Church, and by the calumnies and hatred of her foes in every age. The name of Dominican, connected as it was with the fabulous horrors of the Inquisition, inherited an amount of unpopularity not unequal to that which the calumnies of Pascal and the Jansenists had fastened on the name of Jesuit. Lacordaire was carried on by his own sense of his vocation. One or two incidental consolations strengthened his purpose. Once or twice he received from others the suggestion to undertake the very enterprise of which he was thinking. A step, too, had just been made in France towards the regaining of religious liberty by the restoration of the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, under the auspices of Dom Gueranger. Monseigneur de Quelen, though dry and unsympathizing in his reception of Lacordaire when he announced his plan, related to him a remarkable dream of his own, in which the chief events of his life had been strangely foretold him, and of which a part yet remained to be accomplished, which seemed to predict the successful labors of some Dominicans in his diocese.

In July, 1838, Lacordaire was again on his way to Rome, with his

mind made up and his plans matured. He arrived in August, and after some preliminary interviews with Mgr. Capaccini and Cardinal Lambruschini, he made his final overture to the General of the Dominicans at Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva before the end of the month. He was received with open arms. It was arranged that he should return to France for the winter, to collect companions who might enter the novitiate with him. They were to be alone, in the famous Convent of Sta. Sabina, on the Aventine; after a year they were to return to France, Lacordaire being Superior, and were to have power so far as to modify the rule as to open colleges for education. This addition to the Institute of St. Dominic seems to have been copied from that of St. Ignatius. It was afterwards found better to establish a "Third Order" of teachers, as the labor of the colleges require that the fathers, if occupied in that way, should be dispensed from several points of the strict rule of the Dominicans. As far as Rome was concerned, everything went on well. When Lacordaire returned to France his project was already generally known, and it did not meet with much open opposition. He spent a part of the winter in writing a *Mémoire pour le Rétablissement en France de l' Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs.* It was widely read, and influenced public opinion much in favor of his plan. The press paid it the compliment which it afterwards paid to Father de Ravignan's defence of the Institute of the Jesuits. It did not venture to attack it. The best policy of its enemies was to say nothing about it.

During the early part of 1839 Lacordaire remained in France, looking out for associates who might become the foundation stones of the edifice which he was about to raise. Only one, however, Pierre Requedat, accompanied him to Rome in March. He found that alarm had spread among his friends there; Cardinal Lambruschini, in particular, had suggested to the General of the Dominicans that the attempt had better be delayed. Lacordaire's arrival put an end to these doubts. He received the habit in a private chapel at the Minerva, on April 9th. Requedat was clothed with him. It was arranged that they should pass their noviceship not at Rome but at Viterbo, in the celebrated monastery of La Quercia. Their letters at this time are full of the cordial reception which met them on every side from the other religious orders in Rome, as well as the Dominicans. "The Benedictines," writes Requedat, "tell us that the Order of Friars Preachers is that one which they have always loved next to their own. The Franciscans remind us with affection of the interview between St. Francis and St. Dominic. We have been to visit the General of the Jesuits, who received us extremely well, and took pleasure in speaking to us of the future union between the Dominicans and the Jesuits, predicted by a certain St. Macrina, in Spain." Immediately after the clothing the French novices set out for Viterbo, where they passed a whole year in the ordinary exercises of the religious life; Lacordaire occupying his spare moments in writing his *Life of St. Dominic.* A letter from Fr. Palmegiani, who was at that time the novice-master, given by P. Chocarne, speaks in the highest terms of his exactness in all duties and of his great humility. He pronounced his vows, along with Requedat, on April 12th, 1840, being Palm Sunday, and was immediately sent to Rome, where he preached at St. Louis des Francais, on Easter-day. He took up his abode at Santa Sabina, where he was joined from time to time by recruits from France—Piel, the friend and companion of Requedat, Hernsheim, Besson, and the present General of the whole Order of St. Dominic, Père Jandel. They remained as postulants until

arrangements were made for a separate novitiate for the future French province. The little colony was soon visited by death: Requedat had long been ailing, and at last sunk under consumption at the beginning of September. His loss was deeply and tenderly felt by all around him. Father Lacordaire determined to visit France in the course of the winter. He left Rome at the end of November, and after a few weeks appeared, unexpectedly to all, in his Dominican habit in Paris. Mgr. de Quelen was dead, and Mgr. Affre—who was after a few years to shed his blood in the streets of Paris—had succeeded him as Archbishop. Lacordaire's object was to preach as a Dominican. The Archbishop bade him choose his own day; and on February 14th, 1841, he delivered in the pulpit of Notre Dame his famous sermon *Sur la Vocation de la Nation Française.* An immense crowd listened to him with eagerness and the success of this sudden reappearance was complete. The Minister of Religious Worship, M. Martin (du Nord), was present, and after a day or two asked the preacher to dine with him. He was not always to be so well disposed. Father Lacordaire remained only a few months in France at this time, during which he published the *Life of St. Dominic*, written at La Quercia. He returned to Rome in April.

The end of the same year saw Father Lacordaire again in France. The scene of his labors was Bordeaux, a city to which he had been invited long before, and where he now preached with immense success from the December of 1841 to the end of the March of 1842. In his journey to France he passed by La Quercia and Bosco to visit his companions; at the latter place he found another of the number, Piel, on the brink of the grave. On his return from France he again proceeded to Bosco, and spent the summer of 1842 in the midst of his brethren. The little colony that had been placed at La Quercia for their novitiate came to join the rest, and Bosco remained the noviceship of the French province till Father Lacordaire was able to provide a house for the purpose in France itself. He left it at the beginning of winter, to preach at Nancy till the May of the following year 1843. His success was considerable, but not so striking as at Bordeaux; yet here, when he might have felt half disappointed, Providence was preparing for him the first house which he was to found in France.

One of his hearers at Nancy was M. Thiery de Saint-Beaussant, a gentleman of moderate fortune, who had hardly thought of practical religion till a few months before, when he had chanced to enter a church at Marseilles, and had been struck by a few words which he had heard from the pulpit. He became an admirer and a disciple of Father Lacordaire at Nancy, and offered to found a small house for the Order. The bishop-coadjutor, Monseigneur Menjaud, was bold enough to promise his sanction to the foundation, without any application to the government, which would have been certainly met by a refusal. The house was purchased, put in order, furnished with a chapel and whatever else was needed for five or six religious, and possession was taken at Pentecost. A few days after Father Lacordaire received a present of a fine library of ten thousand volumes, which had been left some time before by the curé of the cathedral, with the injunction that it should be given to the first religious body which established itself in Nancy. M. de Saint-Beaussant lived in the house, and after some time became himself a religious of St. Dominic, in whose Order he died a few years later. Père Lacordaire summoned Père Jandel from Bosco, where he had been left as Superior of the French subjects, and the infant community was raised to the

number of three by the Père Hiss. But three Dominican religious, living in a house of their own at Nancy, were quite enough to alarm the ministers of Louis Philippe. M. Martin wrote letter after letter to the Coadjutor, and M. le Prèfet paid him many solemn visits, urging him to send the Dominicans about their business. The bishop stood firm. Other means of attack were used, for the government seems to have been afraid or unwilling to bring the question to a direct issue by closing the monastery by force. Some attacks were made on Père Lacordaire in the press, on account of an affair with the rector of the government "Academy," who, in consequence of a sermon preached by the Father at the Lyceum, had forbidden all under his rule to hold any communication with him. Lacordaire brought an action against one of the papers for defamation, and was preparing once more to plead his own cause, when his opponents became alarmed at the possible effect which might be produced on public opinion, and persuaded the bishop to interpose, and, after printing a letter in defence of Père Lacordaire, to use his influence with him to forego the prosecution. The papers assailed him no more.

The advent of this year was to see him once more appear as *Conférencier* at Notre Dame. The battle about the freedom of education was now at its height between the Church and the University, and Monseigneur Affre determined to invite Père Lacordaire to Paris. Every influence at the disposal of the government was used to dissuade him. Louis Philippe sent for the Archbishop, and talked to him for an hour in the presence of the Queen, to induce him to alter the arrangement. But the Archbishop was not to be shaken. The King actually went so far as to threaten him with popular violence, against which the government would not protect him. A few years afterwards Louis Philippe, with all the soldiers and national guards in France at his disposal, found himself unable to defend his government or retain his throne. Threats like these, when made to the Church by the State, have a marvellous way of verifying themselves on the persons that make them.

Though the Archbishop of Paris refused to break the engagement into which he had entered with Father Lacordaire, he wished so far to yield to the objections of the government as to insist that the preacher should not wear his religious habit in the pulpit. This raised a question between them. Father Lacordaire looked on himself as the representative of the principle of the liberty of religious association, and therefore made a point of doing nothing that might seem to compromise that principle. Moreover, he was not free to quit his religious habit. Madame Swetchine was employed by the Archbishop to negotiate with him on the subject. Knowing how unbending he was likely to be, she wrote in considerable fear to put the case before him. He refused absolutely, on the ground of principle, and because he had already compromised the Bishop-Coadjutor of Nancy by preaching as a religious. The Archbishop thought it well to write to Rome in order to settle the matter, and a permission came from the General of the Order, allowing him to preach as a secular priest. The dispute ended by his wearing the dress of an honorary canon over his religious habit. He began his course (for Advent) on December 3d, 1843. The crowd that assembled to hear him was immense, and there were many who feared that his reappearance might be the occasion of some disturbance. A faithful band of young men, his enthusiastic admirers, placed themselves near the pulpit to defend him, if it should be necessary. But he had hardly begun to speak before it was clear that his audience was entirely with him, and

from that day till his last conference, in 1851, his popularity and influence never seem to have flagged. This was the great period of his public action, while he was stirring and rousing thousands of hearts in Paris and throughout France, for he preached many "stations" in the provinces, and at the same time, holding up and sustaining, chiefly by his vast personal influence, the French province of the Order of St. Dominic, which owed its existence to him, and thus opening the door to other religious bodies, who availed themselves of the toleration which he had won for them as well as for himself.

His first course at Notre Dame as a Dominican was confined to the Advent sermons, as Father de Ravignan, who had succeeded him as *Conférencier*, after his abandonment of the pulpit in 1841, still retained the Lent course. He was often opposed by the French ministry.

In their opposition to the introduction of the Order of St. Dominic, as in their subsequent dealings with the Holy See for the purpose of bringing about the suppression of the Society of Jesus in France, the ministers of Louis Philippe professed to be actuated by a desire to preserve the public peace. If their representations had been correct, the government, by refusing to sanction the establishment or the existence of religious orders, was but saving them from the inevitable and violent destruction which public opinion and public feeling would bring upon them, if they were so rash as to expose themselves to the eyes of the French nation. The event, in both cases, showed that the ministers were either very insincere or very ignorant of the state of the public mind. The throne of July, indeed, turned out to have no sound foundation in the affections of the nation; it fell without a hand being lifted in its defence; but even in the time of commotion and excitement which followed, no assaults were made on the religious orders, or on the Church. When Père Lacordaire braved the threats of M. Martin du Nord, that functionary found it prudent to forget that he had ever made them. If he had attempted to carry them into execution, it is more likely that the government would have suffered under the displeasure of the people than that the people would have applauded the policy of the government. As it turned out, the religious orders established themselves on a more secure basis by resting their rights on public opinion, in the face of ministerial discouragement, than might have been the case if the authorities themselves had patronized and affected to protect them. M. Martin and M. Guizot were right in thinking that public opinion in France was very powerful; they were mistaken in supposing that it was likely to be outraged by the fact that a few priests or laymen banded themselves together in a religious community in order to serve God and their neighbor with greater perfection, or that it would support the government in the jealousy with which it regarded the free action of personal devotion and Christian charity.

The Order made gradual and steady progress. In 1849, Père Lacordaire had the satisfaction of seeing the foundation of a monastery at Flavigny, not far from Dijon, where he had spent so many years of his youth. Later in the same year, he was installed in the old Convent of the Carmes, in the Rue Vaugirard, by Monseigneur Sibour, then Archbishop of Paris. This was the fourth house founded in France. In the following year Père Jandel, the only survivor of the first set of his novices, was summoned to Rome by Pius IX, who intended to set him over the whole Order of St. Dominic as Vicar-General, with a view to the restoration of the full observance of the rule. Père Lacordaire himself went

to Rome in that summer of 1850, partly, it would seem, in the hope of keeping Père Jandel for France. He had, however, to give way on this point. He was gratified, however, by receiving from Padre Gigli, the vicar in office before the appointment of Père Jandel was carried out, the diploma which canonically erected the new province of France. He himself was appointed its Superior. His authority also extended, as Vicar, to Belgium, Holland, and England; and he consequently visited England in the course of the following year. In 1852 he began the work to which the later years of his life were mainly consecrated, the foundation and consolidation of a "Third Order of Teachers," attached to the great Order of St. Dominic. We have already mentioned that it had been one of his first requests at Rome, on becoming a Dominican, that the rule might be so far stretched as to admit of the work of educating the young. This had been tried, and it had been found that the austerities and some other features of the original rule were incompatible with the work of teaching in schools and colleges; and it was therefore judged expedient to meet the difficulty by the foundation of a separate body, belonging to the great Dominican family, but not bound to the full observance of its rule. The first college undertaken by these religious was that at Oullins, near Lyons, to which, in 1851, was added his great college, once under the Benedictines, at Soreze, at the foot of the Black Mountain. We must forbear, for the present, from speaking of this great institution, to which so many of the later years of Père Lacordaire were devoted, and which was the place of his last illness and death.

The conferences at Notre Dame, as we have said, were continued till 1851. The first of the resumed series (in 1843) dealt with a subject requiring at once bold and delicate handling before such an audience as that of Notre Dame: "Des effets de la doctrine Catholique sur l'esprit." In the two following years Father Lacordaire carried on his defence of Catholicism by speaking of the effects of its doctrine first on the soul, and then on society; in 1846 he came at last to speak of our Lord. "Seigneur Jésus," he cried, at the opening of the first conference of this series, "depuis dix ans que je parle de votre Eglise à cet auditoire, c'est, au fond, toujours de vous que j'ai parlé, mais enfin, aujourd'hui plus directement j'arrive à vous-même, à cette divine figure qui est chaque jour l'objet de ma contemplation, à vos pieds sacrés que j'ai baisés tant de fois, à vos mains aimables qui m'ont si souvent béni, à votre chef couronné de gloire et d'épines, à cette vie dont j'ai respiré le parfum dès ma naissance, que mon adolescence a méconnue, que ma jeunesse a reconquise, que mon âge mûr adore et annonce à tout créature. O Père! ô Maître! ô Ami! ô Jésus! secondez-moi plus que jamais, puisque étant plus proche de vous, il convient qu'on s'aperçoive, et que je tiré de ma bouche des paroles qui se sentent de cet admirable voisinage." M. de Montalembert, to whom no one will deny the right to be thought one of the most authoritative of critics in the matter of oratory, and particularly of the oratory of his friend, tells us that he considers that the most wonderful of the treasures of Father Lacordaire's eloquence are to be found in this series. It was only natural that the heart of a great Christian orator, and especially of one so full of the most devoted love to our Lord, should expand with a fresh glow of power and tenderness in the presence of the subject of these conferences. The next series (in 1848) treats of God as creator, and man as his creature; and the last (in 1851) speaks of the providential dispensation of the restoration of the human race.

The *Conférences* of Father Lacordaire were not written by him as we possess them at present. He prepared himself for the pulpit by study, prayer, and intense thought; he prepared the plan and argument carefully, but he never wrote them. He trusted to the inspiration of the moment for expression and illustration. Shorthand writers took down his words, and he corrected their reports the day after each sermon; which was, in fact, published in the course of the week. He seems never to have taken much trouble with the correction. It is obvious that his readers are thus at a great disadvantage in comparison with his hearers. A great part of his power lay in the brilliancy of his improvisation, the accent of his voice, and the intensity of his action. It must also be admitted, that what is most powerful at the moment with an audience worked up, we might almost say, to ecstasy by the magic of a great orator, is not always most effective with the unexcited feelings and the more exacting judgments of a public of readers. We are hardly able to judge of the criticisms of the devoted friend of Father Lacordaire whom we have just named, in which he admits that the great preacher was often incomplete, and that sometimes there was feebleness and even confusion in his argument; that objections were stated more forcibly than their answers; that there was a passion for subtleties both of thought and language. He had studied theology with care, but he was not a great theologian; nor had he a very wide acquaintance with general literature. This hampered him in his illustrations; perhaps it also made him crude and narrow in some of his opinions. These criticisms may perhaps be admitted by his admirers; but it will still remain true that his *Conférences* must always hold a very high place among the treasures of French eloquence.

Père Chocarne, in his *Vie Intime et Religieuse du Père Lacordaire*, has given us an interesting account of the manner in which the great preacher spent the days on which his *Conférences* were delivered, with which we may fitly close these remarks on the sermons themselves. The morning of the Sunday was passed in profound retirement and meditation. No one entered his room but one or two of his most intimate friends, who came to see that he was in need of nothing; even these came in and went out in silence. He took his breakfast at nine, and to strengthen himself for the great exertions he imposed on himself in preaching, he availed himself of an exemption from his usual rule, and ate a little meat. Then he would go down into the garden, if the weather were fine, and walk up and down slowly, stopping here and there before a flower or a shrub. When the time came for him to start for Notre Dame, M. Cartier, an old friend, came for him. A few hours later, he returned all on fire; his face beaming with the excitement of his harangue, his heart, as it were, flooded with inspiration, but his bodily frame seemingly exhausted and worn to pieces by the vehemence of his action. He would often throw himself on his bed, and talk with a young attendant who was always with him, but it was only about the love of our Lord and the blessings of religious life. He supped alone, on the usual fare of his monastery—a salad and some eggs. Then he would resume his conversation, but it was always on some subject such as those we have named, or on that love of suffering, drawn from the contemplation of our crucified Lord, which we shall see to have been so powerful a principle in his interior and personal life, and which prompted him to end these days of his great oratorical triumphs by inflicting on himself severe and terrible penances.

LOST ALICE.

I.

Why did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the days that succeeded our honeymoon. By right, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and flashes of feeling look out at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their brick-walled solitude once more. She is my wife. I have her and hold her as no other can. She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me forever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean, that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the gray-haired, and had laid burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had been an unloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions. Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself, and went out of the great world to fulfil it. Of this part of her life she never speaks; but one who knew her then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large boarding-school, she was little fitted for the bustle of a great selfish city; and the tears come to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who pushed her way through difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a writer,—at first a drudge, for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By and by, brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admired, read, sought after, and, above all, paid. Even then, she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a happy smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys; and, if they break in my hand, you cannot help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the restless gayety of her manner—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake; and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for awhile,

till some newer fancy came, and then she danced past them, and was gone.

It was in the country that I met her first; and there she was more herself than in the city. We were distant connections by marriage, though we had never seen each other, and the fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domesticated. I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here," with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's city life, as I had had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well, live and learn, they say. But whoever would think it was our Alice you are talking of, Frank! However, I'll say no more about her! You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your bedroom is ready, the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the farm. By and by, I got over the orchard wall, and crossed the brook, and the high road, and went out into the grove behind the house, whose farthest trees were growing on the side of the hill which looked so blue and distant from my chamber window. It was an old favorite place of mine. A broad wagon track led through the woods, out to a clearing on the other side, where was a little sheet of water, called the Fairy's Looking-glass, and a beautiful view of a lovely country, with the steep green hills lying down in the distance, wrapped in a soft fleecy mantle of cloud and haze. It seemed sometimes as if I could wander "over the hills and far away," and lose myself in one of the fair valleys at the foot of those hills, and be content never to come out and face the weary world any more.

I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the green leaves of the young beeches in checkered radiance on my path, drawing in long breaths of the fresh air, and feeling a tingling in my veins and a glow at my heart, as if the blood were flowing newly there, until I came to the little circular grove of pines and hemlocks that led out upon the Fairy's Looking-glass. Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I heard a low growl.

A girl was half-sitting, half-lying, in the sunshine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round, and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing.

I felt that I was cutting rather a ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly,

"Are you Alice Kent?"

"People call me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton?"

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long about our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons, which she had seen, though I had not. She told me about the house, and our friends who were then living there, and I sat listening, looking now and then at her, as she sat with the sunshine falling round her, and the great

dog lying at her feet. I wondered, almost as my aunt had done, if this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I had heard so much. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of gray material, that fell around her in light soft folds. A knot of plain blue ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gipsy hat, lying beside her, was trimmed with the same color. Her watch chain, like a thread of gold, and a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore. Yet I had never seen a dress I liked so well. She was tall (too tall, I should have said, had she been any one else; for, when we were standing, her head was almost on a level with mine) and slender, and quick and agile in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead; not arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank and smiling; her eyebrows arched, as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft dark gray, very pleasant to look into, very puzzling too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them. When they laughed, it seemed their normal state—the bright-beaming glance they gave; but, when they darkened suddenly and grew softer and deeper, and looked up into the face of any unfortunate wight with an expression peculiar to themselves, heaven help him!

Though I had known her only five minutes, I felt this, when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting, with her lips half apart and a lovely color mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the color deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had brought it.

"Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affecting to yawn. "It is time for us to go home to supper, I suppose. Are you hungry, cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good-naturedly, and took the hat from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"How fond you are of that great dog," I said, as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him?" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the beauty-spot on his forehead. "Fond of him, cousin Frank? Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing—" She stopped short, and colored.

"That you have been true to," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. "But look at him, look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could help loving him. My poor old Fred! So honest in this weary world."

She sighed, and patted his head again, and he stood wagging his tail and looking up into her face, with eyes that were as she had said, beautiful, and, what was better far, brimful of love and honesty.

"I doubt if you will keep pace with us," she said, after we had walked a few steps; "and Fred is longing for a race; I always give him one through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking till the woods rang again. I saw her that night no more.

II.

I WAS, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging towards a respectable middle age, with one or two gray hairs showing among my black locks. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed (save in my dreams), and that was a woman's love.

If I ever gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the realities I had ever seen. The wife of my fireside reveries was a slight, delicate, gentle creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, the bluest and clearest of eyes, the softest and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmurings of an Æolian harp. And she sat by my chair in silence; loving me always, but loving me silently, and her name was Mary. I dare say, if I had met the original of this placid picture in life, I should have wooed and won her, and have been utterly miserable.

So, as a matter of course, I fell into danger now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went, I used often to lay down my pen and look after her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her being there. When she raced through the grove or orchard with the great dog at her heels, I smiled, and patted Fred on the head; when she rode past the house at a hand gallop on her gray pony, Fra Diavolo, and leaped him over the garden gate, and shook her whip saucily in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner, and came upon her suddenly. She was walking slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way towards home. Seeing that flash of light play over her grave face, and feeling the sudden bound with which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew what we were to each other.

It was late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

"Alice, you do not look well."

"But I am. Quite well. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away! Where?"

"Home. To London. Well? What ails you, cousin Frank? Did you never hear of any one who went to London before!"

"Yes; but why do you go?"

"Why?" She opened her eyes and looked at me. "For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for six weeks, and I have stayed nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long (they will say soon, it is you, Frank). They vow

they cannot do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And by and by I suppose you will marry?"

I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the doorway of a silent farm-house, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small slight fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any).

"Alice," I said, softly; and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here."

"Very."

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way.

"There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have never loved any woman but you in my life, while you have charmed a thousand hearts, and had a thousand fancies. If you were what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself out to be, I should say no more than this—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I know you can love, if you will; and can be true, if you will. And so I beseech you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but believe me, when I say you have won my whole heart, and I cannot be happy without you."

"Yes, I believe you," she said.

"But do you trust me, and do you love me?"

She might trifle with a trifler, but she was earnest enough with me.

"I trust you, and I love you," she answered, frankly. "Are you wondering why I can stand before you, and speak so calmly? Because, I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me, as I have always said my husband should love me. I am wayward and exacting, and I should weary your life out by my constant craving for tenderness. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though a loving, are not an affectionate man. You would wish me at the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month; and, because you could not get me there, you would go to work and break my heart, by way of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it all—even now."

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke love and passion, and deep, deep tenderness—and all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment which I had never felt before—something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead beside its fervid glow. I had her in my arms within the instant—close, close to my heart.

"Alice! if ever man loved woman with heart and soul—madly and unreasonably if you will, but still truly and honestly—I love you, my darling."

"But will it last? O Frank, will it last?"

"You will be my wife, Alice?"

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

"Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?"

"If you will, Francis."

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me; and it sounds sweetly in my memory now, and it will sound sweetly to my dying day.

III.

We were married not long after, and for six months we dwelt in a "Fool's Paradise." When I think that but for me it might have lasted to our dying day, I can only sigh, and take up the burden of my life with an aching heart.

They had called Alice fickle—oh, how wrongly! No human being could be truer to another than she was to me.

"I only wanted to find my master, Francis," she used to say, when I laughed at her about it. "I was looking for him through all those long years, and I began to think he would never come. But, from the first moment when I heard you speak, and met your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And I am glad to wear my master's chains," she added, kissing my hand.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I pleased her best when I treated her most like a child. She was no angel, a passionate, high-spirited creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she delighted in my control. But it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek; it was pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock even, drop her proud head submissively, and wait when I said, "Stop. Shut the door, and listen to me." Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me!

She loved me. Every chord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweetest music; yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key. Through her deep affection for me I wounded her cruelly. I can see it now. Some wise idea found its way into my head and whispered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgent ways, and that her character would never develop its strength in so much sunshine. I acted upon that thought, forgetting how she had already been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction; and, quite unconscious, that while she was getting back all the innocent gayety of her childish years, the deep lessons of her womanhood were still lying beneath the sparkling surface of her playful ways.

If, for a time, she had charmed me out of my graver self, I resolved to be charmed no more. I devoted myself again to my business, heart and soul, and sat poring for hours over law papers without speaking to her. Yet she did not complain. So long as she was certain that I loved her, she was content, and took up her pen again, and went on with the work our marriage had interrupted. Her writing-desk was in my study, by a window just opposite mine; and sometimes I would cease to hear the rapid movement of her pen, and, looking up, I would find her eyes fixed upon my face, while a happy smile was playing around her lips. One day that glance found me in a most unreasonable mood. The sense of her love half pained me, and I said curtly:

"It is bad taste, Alice, to look at any one in that way."

She dropped her pen, only too glad of an excuse to talk to me, and came and leaned over my chair.

"And why? when I love some one."

This was a bad beginning of the lesson I wanted to teach her, and I turned over my papers in silence.

"Do I annoy you, Francis?"

"Not much."

Her light hand was playing with my hair, and her breath was warm on my cheek. I felt my wisdom vanishing, and tried to make up for its loss by an increased coldness of manner.

"One kiss," she said. "Just one, and I'll go away."

"What nonsense, Alice. What time have I to think of kisses now?"

She stood up and looked me in the face.

"Do I tease you, Francis?"

"Very much."

She gave a little sigh, so faint that I could scarcely hear it, and left the room. I had scared her gayety away for that morning.

This was the first cloud in our sky.

It seems strange, now, when I look back upon it after the lapse of years, how perseveringly I labored to destroy the foundation of peace and happiness on which I might have built my life. The remaining six months of that year were months of misery to me, and, I doubt not, to Alice, for she grew thin and pale, and lost her gayety. I had succeeded only too well in my plan, and she had learned to doubt my affection for her. I felt this by the look in her eyes now and then, and by the way in which she seemed to cling to her dog, as if his fidelity and love were now her only hope. But I was too proud to own myself in the wrong, and the breach widened day by day.

In the midst of all this estrangement the dog sickened. There was a week of misgiving on Alice's part, when she sat beside him with her books or writing all the time—there was a day when both books and manuscript were put away, and she was bending over him, with her tears falling fast, as she tried to hush his moans, and looked into his fast glazing eyes—and there was an hour of stillness when she lay on the low couch, with her arm around his neck, neither speaking nor stirring. And when the poor creature's last breath was drawn, she bent over him with a passionate burst of grief, kissed the white spot upon his forehead, and closed the soft, dark eyes, that even in death were turned towards her with a loving look.

She did not come to me for sympathy. She watched alone, while the gardener dug a grave and buried him beneath the study window. She never mentioned him to me, and never paid her daily visit to his grave till I was busy with my papers for the evening. So the year, which had begun in love and happiness, came to its close.

I sat in the study alone, one morning in the February following, looking over some deeds that had been long neglected, when I heard Alice singing in the balcony outside the window. It was the first time I had heard her sing since Fred's death, and I laid down my pen to listen. But hearing her coming through the hall I took it up again, and affected to be very busy.

It was a warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sunlight and happiness with her as she opened the door. Her own face, too, was radiant, and she looked like the Alice of the old farm-house, as she came on tiptoe and bent over my chair.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, looking up.

She laid a pretty little bouquet of violets, tied with blue ribbons, before me.

"I have been to the conservatory, and have brought you the first flowers of the season, Francis. And something else, which, perhaps, you may not like so well."

She bent over me as she spoke, and leaning her head lightly on my shoulder, kissed me twice. She had been chary of her caresses for some time; and, when she did this of her own accord, I wheeled around in my chair, and looked up at her.

"You seem very happy to-day, Alice."

"It is somebody's birthday," she said, looking into my eyes. "And I wish somebody very many happy returns:"—her voice faltered a little—"and if there has been any wrong feeling, Francis, for the last six months we will bury it to-day, now and forever."

She clung to me in silence, and hid her face upon my breast. I was

moved, in spite of myself, and kissed the brown hair that was scattered over my shoulder, and said I was quite willing to forget everything (as if I had anything to forget)! At which she looked up with a bright smile, and I daresay thought me very magnanimous.

"And we will make a new beginning from this day, Francis."

"If you will, my child."

She caressed me again, after a queer little fashion of her own, which always made me smile, and which consisted of a series of kisses bestowed systematically on different parts of my face—four, I believe, being allotted to my forehead, two to each cheek, two to the chin, four to my lips, and four to my eyes. She went through this ceremony with a painstaking care, and then looked me in the face. All her love and tenderness seemed to come up before me in that moment, and efface the past and its unhappiness. I held her closely to my heart, and her arms were around my neck.

Will any one believe it? My wife had scarcely left me five moments before the fancy came to me that I had shown too plainly the power she had over me. For months I had been schooling myself into coldness and indifference, and at her very first warm kiss or smile, I was completely routed. She had vexed, and thwarted, and annoyed me much during those months: it would not do to pardon her so fully and entirely before she had even asked my forgiveness. I took a sudden resolution; and, when she came back into the room, was buried in my papers once more. Poor child! She had had one half-hour's sunshine, at least.

"One moment," she said, taking the pen out of my hand, and holding something up over my head. "I have a birthday gift for you. Do you want it?"

"If you give it to me, certainly."

"Then ask me for it."

I said nothing, but took up my pen again. Her countenance fell a little.

"Would you like it?" she said, timidly.

"There was a saint in old times," I said, quietly, going on with my papers, "a namesake of mine, by the way—Saint Francis of Sales—who was accustomed to say, that one should never ask or refuse anything."

"Well! But I'm not talking to *Saint* Francis; I am talking to you. Will you have my little gift? Say yes—just to please me—just to make my happy day still happier."

"Don't be a child, Alice."

"It is childish, I know; but indulge me this once. It is such a little thing, and it will make me very happy."

"I shall not refuse whatever you choose to give me. Only don't delay me long, for I want to go on with these papers."

The next moment she threw the toy (a pretty little bronze inkstand made like a Cupid, with his quiver full of pens) at my feet, and turned away, grieved and angry. I stooped to pick up the figure—it was broken in two.

"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said, sarcastically.

"Upon my word, Alice, you are the most unreasonable of beings. However, the little god of love can be easily mended."

"Yes."

She placed the fragments one upon the other and looked at me.

"It can be mended, but the accident must leave its trace, like all others. Oh, Francis," she added, throwing herself down by my chair, and lifting her hand to my lips. "Why do you try me so? Do you really love me?"

"Alice," I said, impatiently, "do get up. You tire me."

She rose and turned very pale.

"I will go then. But first answer my question. Do you love me, Francis?"

I felt anger and obstinacy in my heart—nothing else. Was she threatening me!

"Did you love me when you married me, Francis?"

"I did. But—"

"But you do not love me now?"

"Since you will have it," I said.

"Go on!"

"I do not love you—not as you mean."

There was a dead silence in the room as the lying words left my lips, and she grew so white, and gave me such a look of anguish that I repented of my cruelty, and forgot my anger.

"I do not mean that, Alice," I cried. "You look ill and pale. Believe me, I was only jesting."

"I can bear it, Francis. There is nothing on this earth that cannot be borne—in one way or other."

She turned and left the room, quietly and sadly. The sunshine faded just then, and only a white, pale light came through the window. I so connected it with her sorrow, that to this day I can never see the golden radiance come and go across my path, without the same sharp, knifelike pang that I felt then, as the door closed behind her.

IV.

Alice became weaker and grew really ill. A tour on the continent was strongly recommended by the doctors as the likeliest means of restoration. It was impossible for me to go; but some friends of ours, one Mr. and Mrs. Warrener, with a young daughter, were going to Italy for six months, and it was arranged that Alice should accompany them.

They remained abroad nine months instead of six. People wondered and joked about my wife's deserting me; but I only laughed, and said, I should soon go after her if she remained away much longer; and they thought we were still a model couple. But, had they seen me sitting in my office, at night, over Alice's letters from abroad, they would have known what a gulf had opened between us two. I read those letters over and over again, with aching throbs going through and through my heart, at every word. They were full of incident and interest, and people called them beautiful, who had not seen the mixture of womanly passion and childlike playfulness in her character that I had seen, and which I was to see no more.

At last she returned. I came home tired enough, one evening, to find a letter lying on my table, informing me that she would be home on the morrow. I went down to the steamer to meet her. Our estrangement had worn deep into my heart. She had loved me once; she should love me again!

I was worn, haggard. I took a bath and made a careful toilet after my hurried journey. As I was taking my last look in the glass, the hotel-waiter came to tell me they had arrived.

I followed him, more nervous than I had ever been before in my life. Warrener grasped my hands as I opened the door, and Mrs. Warrener—bless her kind heart!—burst out crying.

"Oh, my dear Frank! I am so glad to see you. And we have brought you your Alice home, so well."

Next moment she entered, a little King Charles's spaniel frisking about her feet. I had her in my arms at once, but it was not until she kissed me that I knew how cold and pale she was.

"Alice, are you ill?" I asked, holding her away from me, and looking into her face.

Her eyes met mine, but their old light was quite gone.

"Not in the least ill, Frank," she said, quietly. "But you must remember that I have not seen you for nine months, and you startled me a little."

My household fairy had fled, and I could only mourn that I should never look upon her sweet, young face again. It was another Alice, this. I had slain my own Alice, and nothing could reanimate her.

I was like one in a dream all through the day; and, when we came home, I could not wake. I had made many changes in the house, and all for her. I took her through the rooms on the day after our return, and showed her the improvements. She was pleased with the furniture; she admired the pictures and the conservatory; and seemed delighted with the little gem of a boudoir which I had pleased myself by designing expressly for her. She thanked me, too. No longer ago than a year, she would have danced through the rooms, uttering a thousand pretty little exclamations of wonder and delight, and I should have been smothered with kisses, and called a "dear old bear," or some such fit name at the end; all of which would have been very silly, but also very delightful.

I think I bore it for a month; but one morning, as I sat at my solitary breakfast—for Alice took that meal in her room now—the bitter sense of wrong and unhappiness and desertion came over me so strongly that I went up to her room.

"Are you busy?" I asked, as she laid down her pen and looked around.

"Not too busy to talk to you," she said.

"Alice, how long are we to live this life?" She changed color.

"What life, Frank?"

"The one we are living now. It is not the happy, loving life we used to live. You are not mine as entirely and lovingly as you once were."

"I know it." And she sighed and looked drearily at me.

"Why cannot the old days come back again. If I made a terrible mistake, can you never forgive it? I thought it was foolish for us to love each other as we did—at least, to show it as we did—but I have found now, that love is earth's only true wisdom."

She smiled sadly.

"Give me back that love, Alice, which I would not have. Oh, give me back the lost sunshine."

I rose from my seat and stood beside her, but she drew back and shook her head.

"Frank, don't ask me for that."

"I shall know how to value it now, Alice."

"That may be; but I have it not to give you, my poor Frank."

I clasped her to my heart. The passion in that heart might almost have brought back life to the dead; but she did not move. She was like a statue in my arms, and only looked at me and sighed.

"Too late! Too late, Frank!"

"Will you never forgive me?"

"Forgive? Do you think I have one unkind thought or feeling towards you, Frank? Ah, no! But I am chilled through and through. My love is dead and buried. Stand away from its grave, and let us meet the world as we best may."

I leaned my head upon my hands, and my tears fell, and I was not ashamed of them. But they seemed to rouse her into a kind of frenzy.

"You?" she exclaimed suddenly. "You, who a year ago sowed the seed which has borne this fruit, can you weep over your husbandry now? Don't, Frank! Take what I can give you—take my earnest friendship—and God grant we may never part, here or in heaven."

"Heaven knows, dear Alice, that as I loved you when we first met, I loved you on that unhappy day, and love you still!"

"I am glad to hear it," she said hurriedly. "Heaven only knows what days and nights were mine at first. For my life had been wrapped up in yours, Frank, and it was terrible to separate them. I thought at first that I could not live. I sup-

pose every one thinks so, when a heavy blow falls. But strength was given me, and by and by, peace. We seem like two gray shadows, Frank, in a silent world, and we must only wait God's time; and hope that, on the other side of the grave at least, this great mistake may be set right. Believe me, I am happy in being with you, Frank—happy in thinking that the same roôf shelters us, and that we shall not part till one of us two dies."

I opened my arms, and, of her own accord, she came to my heart once more; her arms were around my neck, and her head upon my shoulder, and her lips meeting mine. Not as they used to do, yet tenderly and kindly.

"We are older and wiser than we were, and sadder, too, dear Frank," she said with a smile. "Yet who knows? It may be that all the love has not left us yet."

And thus that chapter of our life ended.

We have never touched upon the subject since; but I have waited calmly for years, and the same quiet light shines always in the eyes of Alice; the same deep, sad tone thrills my heart when I hear her speaking or singing. An angel could scarcely be gentler or kinder than she who was once so impetuous and full of fire. She was unreasonable and exacting and ardent and imperious in those days, I know, and my slower nature was always on the strain to keep pace with hers; but, what a bright, joyous, happy creature she was!

It would have been different but for me. O you, who read this little tale, remember in time that a kind word and a loving look cost little, although they do such great work; and that there is no wrong so deep as wrong done to a loving heart.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Some two years ago an insurrection broke out in Herzegovina, a province of European Turkey. In spite of the efforts of the Turks, it spread and excited much sympathy and interest in Europe. The people of Servia, a tributary and semi-independent state, bordering on the disturbed province, after awhile became involved in disputes with Turkey, sympathized with the insurgents of Herzegovina, and ultimately war broke out between Servia and Turkey. Montenegro, a small independent state, counting about 250,000 people, and which has always been in a chronic state of war with the Turks, likewise engaged in hostilities. The war raged furiously between Turkey on the one hand, and Servia and Montenegro on the other, all last summer; and an insurrection also broke out in the province of Bulgaria in Turkey, which lies south of the Danube and east of Servia. This insurrection was put down by the Turks with great severity, and terrible atrocities were perpetrated by the Turkish irregulars.

During all this time (1875 and 1876) the great European nations watched the course of events with the most eager interest. By the treaty of Paris, made in 1856, the independence and integrity of Turkey had been guaranteed by England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, conditionally on the Turkish Government carrying out reforms. Russia had always chafed at this treaty, which had prohibited her from maintaining a navy on the Black Sea, which had deprived her of a small strip of territory on the Danube, and which was the monument of her defeat in the Crimean war.

A series of negotiations took place between the several European nations interested in the condition of the Turkish Empire. Russia was interested, because she had always looked forward to Constantinople as to the goal of her ambition, and because a similarity of religious creed had always impelled her people to sympathise with the Greek Christian subjects of Turkey—a sympathy which the Czars have always affected to share, and which they have used for their own purposes.

It is not necessary to say that the Russian Czars have no sympathy with religious toleration, or with downtrodden peoples, for the Russian Government is a pure despotism, which aims to crush all rights and liberties under the foot of the Czar.

England is interested in the Turkish Empire, because she regards Constantinople as the gate of the East, because $1,000,000,000 have been invested by her capitalists in Turkish bonds, because she is jealous of Russia's power, and because she is vitally interested in the Suez Canal, her only direct road to India.

Austria is interested in the Turkish Empire, because the Danube is her main line of water communication, and because the disturbed provinces of Turkey (Herzegovina and Servia) border her frontiers, and also because any enlargement of Russian territory to the south unaccompanied by any like addition to her dominions would be very perilous.

Germany, Italy, and France, are interested in the Eastern question as a matter of general European importance, but to a less degree than the before-mentioned nations.

The "Andrassy Note," the "Berlin Note," and the Conference at Constantinople, marked the successive attempts made to settle the trouble by diplomacy. But the problem seemed as far off solution as ever. The Conference at Constantinople drew up a series of propositions, but the Turks rejected them. Peace was concluded, it is true, between Turkey and Servia as a consequence of the Turkish victories, and a Turkish parliament was established. But the negotiation with Montenegro failed, and both Russia and Turkey armed. As a last resort Russia drew up a "Protocol," based on mutual disarmament, and European guarantees of Turkish reforms. The great powers of Europe signed it, but Turkey rejected it with indignation, declared her national existence was at stake, and that Russia fomented insurrections in her territory continually. The Czar replied by a declaration of war, and powerful Russian armies invaded Turkey in Asia. By an agreement with Roumania, the Russian armies also crossed the Pruth, and invaded European Turkey,

Thus the never-ending "Eastern Question" again threatens another general European war. Once more the Crescent and the Cross are brought into conflict. Once more the Double Eagle of the Colossus of the North precedes the onward march of the enormous armies that can be raised out of 80,000,000 of people. Once more the Cossacks gallop southwards, and spread consternation over the provinces of Bulgaria and Roumania. Once more the tide of battle seems to dash towards Constantinople. Once more Moslem fanaticism is aroused, and bearded thousands are flocking to the standard of the Sultan. Once more England, from her sea-girded isle, sends forth her powerful navies to "scour the Mediterranean, guard the Suez Canal, defend the Bosphorus, and keep an eye on Egypt." Once more the white-coated troops of Austria mass on its southern frontiers. Once more Ireland waits expectantly for that "difficulty which is her opportunity." And once more is realized the truth of Byron's words:

> "Religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will,
> A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
> Some cunning phrase by faction caught and spread,
> That guilt may reign, and wolves and bears be fed."

DAILY the prospects increase that the forthcoming Golden Jubilee of the Pope's Episcopate will be a grand success. We hear of large numbers of pilgrims preparing to flock to Rome, of many bishops hastening to pay their respects to the Sovereign Pontiff. The streets of old Rome will grow brighter as the throngs from far-distant lands throng there; the proprietors of hotels, restaurants, and cafés will make fortunes, and we hope the faithful will receive edification by the good behavior of the pilgrims. The official programme of the ceremonies to take place has been published. It is as follows:

"1. The majestic Eudoxian basilica, known under the name of St. Peter in Chains, where his Holiness received, fifty years ago, episcopal consecration, will be sumptuously decorated, under the direction of the architect of the basilica, who is also a member of the Roman Committee for the celebration of the Jubilee Fetes, etc.

"2. On the 31st of May and the first two days of the month of June, there will be celebrated in the aforesaid basilica a solemn Triduum of thanksgiving to God for the preservation of the precious life of the Common Father of the faithful.

"3. Each day, after vespers, at half-past six, a sermon will be preached, and the sermon will be followed by Benediction with the Most Holy Sacrament. Sermons are to be preached on each of the three days.

"On the 3d of June Masses will be celebrated from daybreak. At seven o'clock there will be Mass and general Communion for the members of the Italian pilgrimage organized by Count Acquaderni, in his capacity of President of the Council of the Society of the Youth of Italy, established at Bologna. At ten o'clock there will be a grand High Mass, to be celebrated by a cardinal specially designated by the Holy Father for that purpose."

THE position of England in the present crisis deserves attention. With the most powerful fleet in Europe, or in the world, with immense pecuniary and imperial interests at stake, she proclaims her neutrality, and sees Russia taking prodigious strides towards her long-wished-for goal — Constantinople. England is kept back as a nation from taking as yet an active part in the war by two causes: the first is the division of opinion among her parties, the Conservatives being inclined to aid Turkey, and the Liberals being more favorably disposed towards Russia; the second, the discontent of Ireland. Many English statesmen think that Ireland only waits the moment of England being engaged in a European war to spring at her back. Ireland is the "weak spot" in England's armor, the vulnerable heel of the British Achilles. As Russia has her Poland, and Germany her Alsace-Lorraine, and the Turks their Bulgaria, and Austria had formerly her Hungary, so in like manner England has a thorn in her side—Ireland. But for this source of weakness, England has only to thank herself. Had she always treated Ireland with justice, had she even at this late date granted her a liberal scheme of Home Rule, had she even endeavored to do as much for Ireland as she has done for Canada, or for Australia, or for the West Indies, then she would feel stronger in this momentous crisis of the world's affairs.

300,000 PILGRIMS and untold treasures in money will be poured into Rome on the forthcoming Papal Jubilee. The more the governments of Europe become estranged from the Holy See the more the people seem to rally round it. The more extreme measures are carried out or urged by the enemies of the Catholic Church the more the faithful seem to support it.

Consider the position of the Church now and in the last century. There were then no Catholic unions and no Catholic press; the Jesuits were suppressed, so-called Catholic sovereigns had the Church in their dominions so tied and bound that even a Papal decree could not be published without Royal permission. Now the words of the Holy Father are flashed far and wide, as soon as uttered, by the telegraph. Then a long and tedious journey awaited bishops who desired to go to Rome; now steam conveys them there swiftly. Then the encyclopædists and the school of Voltaire and Rousseau had the ear of the cultivated and literary classes, and promised great things for humanity when kings and priests should be overthrown. Now, a sad and terrible experience has taught the world that it needs order and religion. The persecutions of the Church are great and formidable; but as the New York clergy well pointed out in their address to the Holy Father, the history of his Pontificate has not only been a record of misfortunes; it has also been one of glorious triumphs, both spiritually and temporally. The Church is really better off in spite of all the attacks of hell than she was in the dark hour when the Jesuits were suppressed, and when the eldest daughter of the Church, France, was murdering priests by thousands, and overthrowing sanctuaries consecrated by the memories of a thousand or fifteen hundred years.

THERE is nothing that so strikingly shows the progress of the Church in the United States than the necessity for constantly creating new dioceses In May, 1845, Bishop Querter was appointed first bishop of Chicago. There were only 37 priests in the State and a few more churches, many of them very small and inconvenient. There are now three dioceses in the State, Chicago, Alton, and the new one of Peoria, which has now a bishop. Chicago has 210 priests, Alton 130, and the new diocese 40. Peoria has been taken out of Chicago diocese and forms a belt-ring right across the middle of the State. The city of Peoria has 31,000 people. There are 75,000 Catholics in the diocese, and a great field exists in it for an active prelate like Bishop Spalding. Bishop Spalding was consecrated on May 1st by Cardinal McCloskey as the new bishop of Peoria, and Rev. John Moore was consecrated bishop of St. Augustine, Fla., on May 13th.

THE most important measures yet taken in consequence of the Pope's Allocution of March 12th, have been of the French Catholics, who have been petitioning the McMahon Government to take such measures and make such representations to the Italian cabinet as may secure the perfect independence of the Pope. This representation does not mean that, in this critical crisis of European affairs, the Catholics desire France to go to war with Italy to restore the Pope, as is perversely represented. Never once has Pope Pius IX counselled insurrection or urged nations to plunge into war. For France to go to war, as she would have to do, with both Germany and Italy, would be an insanity in the present state of her armies.

Representations have been made by the Spanish and Austrian Governments also. The famous "Clerical Abuses" bill has been rejected by the Senate of Italy.

LOUISIANA is now free, and Governor Nicholls has been recognized as lawfully elected, consequently both Louisiana and Maryland have now Catholic governors.

This is only noteworthy, as showing that the prejudices which at one time existed which rendered it very difficult for any Catholic to be elected for prominent offices (although they were legally eligible) are giving way, and people recognize the fact practically and in effect as well as theoretically, that Catholics are as good as any other citizens, and perhaps better in some cases. Catholics have too long contented themselves with the crumbs from the political feast. In return for hearty support, and for gallant victories, gained by their aid, they have frequently received only some minor posts or small offices. The time has come for them to look higher than to such places; to take and keep the position that their numbers, their intelligence, and their growing wealth entitle them to.

A COLONY of Irish Catholics for the West left Scranton recently. The colony which Bishop Ireland established and fostered is also doing well. St. Louis and Philadelphia are also engaged in the good work of promoting the cause of Catholic emigration *en masse* to Texas and North Carolina.

This growing movement is a good one. It should have been commenced much earlier in our history, and had it been pushed with vigor twenty or thirty years ago, we should not now see so many thousands of unemployed men of Irish or Catholic birth and parentage, either earning a precarious subsistence in the streets of the large cities, or wandering about unemployed.

It is a question if manufactories have not been unduly extended in the United States. However great and numerous they may become, and there is no limit to their extension when prosperous times arrive, yet the real wealth, the true strength of nations resides in their agriculture. With millions upon millions of fertile and untilled acres, there is no need for the existence of thousands of unemployed persons. Yet when persons are used to manufactures alone, they are often greatly unfitted for agricultural pursuits.

THE Catholic Unions of England, Ireland, and New York, the corporation of Dublin, and many French and Spanish bishops have formally protested against the new law on "Clerical Abuses," passed by the Italian Chamber of Deputies, which waits confirmation by the Senate.

By the law any minister of religion who "disturbs the head of families or the public conscience," by protesting against any law or decree is liable to fine and imprisonment, and every journal who publishes such attacks or approves of them shares the same penalty. A more outrageous "gag" to free speech and a free press was never invented. It is sure, even if passed into law, to defeat its own object, for it will be impossible to apply it. Nevertheless opposition to it is a duty on the part of Catholics, and on the part also of every man who loves free speech, and believes that it is perfectly legitimate in every free man to comment on the acts of government, and to denounce them if he believes they are worthy of reproof.

THE State of Indiana has passed a law which declares: "That all theatres, opera-houses, public buildings, museums, churches, colleges, seminaries, and school buildings shall hang all doors for the purpose of ingress and egress thereto, so that the same may swing outwardly, provided that rooms in school-houses or churches, where the scholars or meetings assemble on the ground floor, are exempt from the provisions of this act.

"That it is hereby made the duty of managers, owners, lessees, trustees and persons having charge of such buildings described in the first section of this act, to comply with the provisions therein contained, within sixty days from the approval of this act."

Penalties are also assigned to the non-fulfilment of these requisitions.

MR. SHAW made a motion in the English Parliament for a select committee to be appointed to inquire into the demand of the Irish people for Home Rule. It was rejected by the combined vote of all the English parties, and by an overwhelming majority.

English opinion is hostile to granting Home Rule to Ireland in any shape. Deplorable as this is, and much to be condemned, it is not to be wondered at that in a crisis like the present any scheme which seems to favor the dismemberment of the empire should be unpopular. There is no real reason why the concession of a Parliament to Ireland should weaken England, and many reasons why it should not. But the English Parliament will not listen to any proposal looking towards Home Rule or repeal.

WHEN the Russian government issued its circular to the European Powers announcing that it had declared war against Turkey, the only power who replied to it was England, and the reply contained a censure of the Russian government, and of the counsel of the Czar. The growing jealousy in England of Russia's power, the latter's steady advance towards India, the march of the Czar's armies into Asia Minor apparently with a view to occupy the Valley of the Euphrates, all these things have contributed to create a feeling of hostility between England and Russia which is very likely to lead to war.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALVIRA, THE HEROINE OF VESUVIUS. A remarkable sensation of the seventeenth century. Founded on facts recorded in the acts of canonization of St. Francis of Jerome. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D.D., author of the *Martyrs of the Coliseum*, *Victims of the Mamertine*, *The Double Triumph*, etc. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., No. 31 Barclay Street; Montreal: 275 Notre Dame Street. 1877.

This work is of a highly sensational character. Its incidents and scenes are dramatic, and some of them terrible, yet it differs from sensational works generally in the fact that the emotions it excites are not unhealthy, and the moral lessons suggested are sound. The evils of mixed marriages, of secret societies, and the indulgence of self-love and their pernicious influence upon social life are well depicted. In the preface the author answers in anticipation the only objection that could be raised against this story, viz., as to whether it is right to represent as attaining sanctity persons whose early life has been one of sinful excesses. "If we are to love no saints," says the author, "but those of whom it could be testified they never did a wrong act, then the catalogue of sanctity will be reduced to baptized infants who died before coming to the use of reason, and a few favored adults who could be counted on the fingers. Is it not rather the spirit and practice of the Church to propose to her erring children the heroic example of souls who passed through the storms and trials of life, who had the same weaknesses to contend with, the same enemies to combat as they have, whose triumph is her glory and her crown? The Catholic Church, which has so successfully promoted the civilization of society and the moral regeneration of nations, achieved her triumph by the conversion of those she first drew from darkness. Placed as lights on the rock, and shining on us who are yet tossed about on the stormy sea of time, the penitent saints serve us as saving beacons to guide our course during the tempest. Many a feeble soul would have suffered shipwreck, had it not taken refuge near those tutelary towers where are suspended the memorial deeds of the sainted heroes whose armor was sackcloth, whose watchword the sigh of repentance poured out in the lonely midnight."

EDMONDO: A SKETCH OF ROMAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. By Rev. Father Antonio Bresciani, S. J. Translated from the Italian. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Father Bresciani, it is needless to say to those who have read his previous historical stories, is a writer of no ordinary power. He possesses in an eminent degree the rare ability to combine instruction and amusement. Whatever emanates from his pen is sure to possess the attraction of a graceful style, while his fruitful imagination colors and adorns his sketches as only a true artist can. The volume before us is not only interesting but valuable in correcting widely prevalent misconceptions of the real character of the laboring classes of the people of Rome, particularly of those who are commonly styled the *trasteverini*. The delineations of their habits and pursuits and peculiar ideas and characteristics are well drawn and true to life. The plan of the book is simple, but well conceived, and into it are woven many interesting episodes and explanations which serve to convey juster impressions of the people among whom the scenes of the story are laid.

BUTLER'S LITERARY SELECTIONS, designed for the school-room and family circle, for use in public and private schools, on the platform, at the teacher's desk, and by the family fireside. Edited by J. P. McCoskey. Philadelphia: J. H. Butler & Co.

The number of works intended to furnish selected matter for reading-lessons in schools and declamation on the platform is almost countless, and their several merits and demerits are as various as their number is great. The book before us differs somewhat from an ordinary text-book. It is a volume of selections generally of higher order than are found in most "Readers," and contains much matter that will be interesting at the fireside as well as in the school-room or literary association. Sound judgment, care, and good taste mark the selections generally.

KNOWN TOO LATE. By the author of *Tyborne*, *Irish Homes and Irish Hearts*, etc., etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 W. Baltimore Street. 1877.

This is a very interesting and edifying story with an excellent moral. The scenes are laid chiefly in England, and are powerfully drawn. The *dénouement* is sad, yet natural and happy.

HORTENSE: An Historical Romance. Translated from the French by R. J. Holm. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1877.

Two interesting little tales suitable for presents to children.

GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO. By James Freeman. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551 Broadway. 1877.

This is a readable volume of sketches of artist life in Italy. The sketches are light, chatty, and suitable for after-dinner reading.